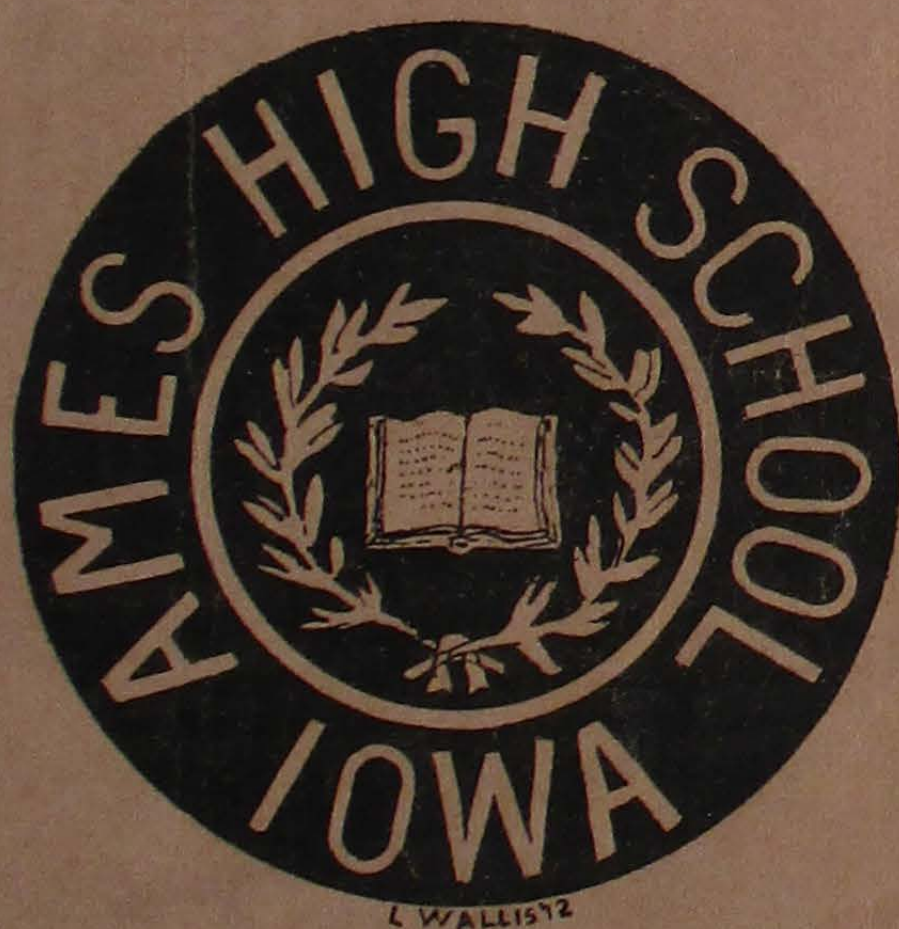


THE  
SPIRIT



VOL. IV

DECEMBER, 1914

NO. 1



# EDISON



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# THE SPIRIT

VOL. 4

DECEMBER, 1914

NO. 1

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in the Interests of Ames High School

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## EDITORIAL

Because it is customary,

Because it is necessary—we are going to take up a little of your time and a little of our space telling you that you ought to take The Spirit. You say you already know that! Then why don't you do it? We don't like to keep telling you about it any better than you like to keep hearing about it. The sooner all of you subscribe for it the sooner we will stop talking and writing about it.

SO IT'S UP TO YOU.

The pupils of Ames High School extend their sincere sympathy to Josephine Wilkinson in her time of bereavement.

A new plan for the conducting of all literary societies was discussed before the entire school Monday morning, November 23. The student body was divided into two parts, officers were elected for both divisions;



No. 1—President, Glen Carberry; Vice-President, Walter Harriman; Secretary-Treasurer, Bessie Cretsinger.

No. 2—President, Cora Willey; Vice-President, Paul Mellick; Secretary, Horward Wygle.

The work for the literary society has not been planned as yet. But it has been decided that some credit will be given for the work done and the meetings will take the place of our assemblies every two or four weeks.

It is hoped that a greater interest will be shown in this new plan, and that we may have the support of every High School member.

---

We would like to know:

Why you do not subscribe for The Spirit?

Why you do not put some jokes in The Spirit box?

Who says we haven't a dandy football team?

Why it's easier to knock than to push?

Who said we were not just as proud of our football boys in the West High game as in any other they have played this year?

Who said assemblies—mistake in printing.

---

After a long, care-free vacation we again take up our daily tasks, with the expectation of doing our very best. The total enrollment is three hundred and fifty-one, the largest Ames High has ever known. There are one hundred and seventy-four boys, one hundred and seventy-seven girls.

The freshman class is the largest, which numbers one hundred and thirty-nine. There are eighty-seven sophomores, sixty juniors and fifty-eight seniors. There are seven post-graduates and nineteen teachers.

---

## ASSEMBLIES

We feel that the assemblies of the High School each Wednesday morning have been of great benefit to us all. We have had some very interesting talks from several of the Ames men, including Mr. Caldwell, who has entertained the students on one or two occasions by relating some of his experiences abroad. Among some of the speakers who have talked to the High School this year are Mr. George of Ames, Prof. Meeker of the college and president of the school board and Rev. Harris of the Christian church. We have also heard Mr. Goodrich, who is the secretary of the Y. M. C. A.





Varsity Ames High 1914

Photo  
by Romans



# ATHLETIC

## THE TEAM

| Player             | Age | Yrs. on Team | Weight | Position |
|--------------------|-----|--------------|--------|----------|
| Carberry.....      | 19  | 1            | 164    | L. E.    |
| Steigerwalt.....   | 17  | 2            | 176    | L. T.    |
| Harris.....        | 19  | 1            | 170    | L. T.    |
| Elliot.....        | 17  | 2            | 148    | L. G.    |
| Ricketts.....      | 19  | 3            | 164    | C.       |
| Britton.....       | 18  | 2            | 166    | R. G.    |
| Thurresson.....    | 17  | 2            | 160    | R. T.    |
| Harriman.....      | 17  | 1            | 160    | R. T.    |
| Sloss.....         | 16  | 2            | 136    | R. E.    |
| Meltzer.....       | 17  | 3            | 146    | R. E.    |
| Davis (Capt.)..... | 19  | 4            | 142    | Q. B.    |
| Pammel.....        | 17  | 3            | 136    | R. H.    |
| W. Heater.....     | 17  | 1            | 140    | R. H.    |
| V. Heater.....     | 19  | 2            | 159    | L. H.    |
| Quade.....         | 18  | 2            | 142    | F. B.    |
| Anderson.....      | 16  | 1            | 140    | F. B.    |
| Cameron.....       | 18  | 1            | 125    | Q. B.    |
| Stewart.....       | 17  | 1            | 163    | Tackle   |

### Davis, Q. B. (Capt.)

This was Davis's fourth year of football and he is one of the best players the school has ever possessed. He was a sure punter, clever dodger, and one of the best at passing in the state. The loss of Davis will be felt keenly in the A. H. S. football circle.

### V. Heater, L. H.

"Chick" is one of the fastest halves we ever had and we part with him reluctantly. He always plays a hard, clean game and can always be counted on when needed.

### Pammel, R. H.

This was "Pete's" third year and he can always be counted on for a good stiff game. He is fast on his feet and did much to gain A. H. S. a reputation for having a fast backfield.

### Quade, F. B.

"Tubby" has finished his second year on the team. He is exceptionally good on his feet and an adept at picking holes in the line where he is always good for a gain.

### W. Heater, H. B.

"Bill," as "Chick's" brother, is following in his steps and he will make one of the fastest backs we have next year. This



was Bill's first year of football and although he had no experience before, he was good wherever he was placed on the team, always tackling hard and playing a hard game. Bill has three more years to play for A. H. S.

**Anderson, F. B.**

Joe took football as a joke the first of the season, consequent did not make the team then but when he realized it wasn't so much of a joke after all he got down to work and sure was an able substitute to put in the place of Quade when he was laid out. Joe was good at line plunging and ought to make good next year, and the two years following.

**Cameron, Q. B.**

For a small man Mick was fast and barring Davis was about the best open field dodger we had. He played a good game against West High after being substituted for Davis when the latter had been taken out on account of injuries.

**Carberry, L. E.**

He came to us from another school and was one of the best ends we ever had. Always breaking up the play around his end and often breaking the line plunges. He leaves this year and we are very sorry to lose him.

**Steigerwalt, L. T.**

This ends Steigerwalt's second year and he is one of the best line men we ever possessed. He is always in the game, fighting for the Orange and Black.

**Elliot, L. G.**

Elliot has played for two years on the line, a steady, consistent player, always to be relied upon as long as there is any part of the game left.

**Ricketts, C.**

"Hick" has played his last game for old A. H. S. and when the squad lines up next year he will be greatly missed, for he has always played a fine game at center.

**Britten, R. G.**

"Brit" puts up a good, steady game all the time. This was his second year and he will no doubt be there at the line-up next year, better than ever before.

**Harriman, R. T.**

"Doc's" first and last year. He became one of the best linemen on the team, all in one year. Steady, hard-fighting at all times.

**B. Meltzer, R. E.**

Meltzer's three years on the team have been years of remarkable success. Always there when he was needed and always good at catching forward passes.

**Sloss, End**

Sloss was a heavy player and sure tackle. He was a valuable



addition to the team on account of his ability to catch forward passes and has helped Ames to win in several games. Tom has two more years to fight for the school.

#### **Thurresson, Tackle**

Harry was and is one of the scrappiest, hard-fighting men on the team. Because of an injury Harry could not play the part scheduled for him in the West High game, but two more years remain for him to play the game for A. H. S.

#### **Harris, Tackle**

Harris' first and last year on the team proved he was a good, clean player. He never lacked for fight.

#### **Stewart, Tackle**

Although Stewart didn't get out when the first call for candidates came, yet when he did get out, he proved to be a scrappy forward and next year he ought to be one of our best men.

#### **Coach Hansen**

Hansen is a graduate of the State University of Iowa. He played three years on the football team and was captain his last year. Although he weighed nearly two hundred pounds he was one of the fastest men on the squad. He was picked three times as all state guard; and his last year was picked as all western guard, and was conceded to be the best kicker in the conference.

#### **Coach Lyman**

Lyman is a graduate of Grinnell College. Since his graduation he has specialized in physical education, has been a physical director for one year, having taken work at the Physical Director's School in Chicago and the University of Illinois.

---

Great credit is due to all those who came out, but did not make the squad, because our second team is exceedingly good.

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### **PROSPECTS AT THE BEGINNING OF YEAR**

Last year we had one of the best teams in the state, probably due to our able and efficient coach, "String" Loudon of Iowa City. Much credit must be given to the fellows last year, because they won every game except the one with West High. Sandy Brintnall (Capt.), Loyal Thomas, "Mick" Dreidlebliss and "Heavy" McDowell all graduated last spring. Judson Zentmire and "Pecky" McNeil were not able to play this year on account of injuries received last year. Aside from that all our last year's men are back in action. New ones coming in led us to believe we had a team of championship caliber.

We were unable to secure Coach Loudon's services again this year, but Coach Lyman was secured and with his aid fig-



ured we ought to have one of the best teams in the state. After two games had been played, the backers of the team saw that one man could not handle the large squad efficiently, and that Lyman needed help if we were to have a winning team. Accordingly the business men and many of the real town boosters dug down in their pockets generously and the result was that we secured "Dan" Hansen from Iowa City. Captain of the Iowa team in 1912. We were now fixed for coaches and the next thing was to get the players.

At the first call for football men about thirty-five appeared, but dwindled down to twenty-five and stuck. When Hansen arrived, a great campaign was started for players and we even boast of having fifty men out in suits for some time. At any rate from then till the end of the season we generally had three full teams and more out every night. From the very first the team worked hard in practice. Every night, rain or shine, they were on hand, showing they were out to win. Every effort was made to get the men in shape early as it was thought that we would play West High, October 31, later, however, it was decided that the game would be played on November 20. Therefore the preliminary practice season of our football team closed with the team in much better condition than most teams at that time of the year.

Eagle Grove game—score 26 to 0. No little excitement was caused by this game. The team was new and everybody was anxious to see what kind of a team Ames had. We started out with a rush and from then till the time the whistle blew we had the Eagle Grove boys guessing. At no time was our goal in immediate danger and although we did not pile up an exceedingly large score yet the visitors were outclassed in every department of the game. Twenty-four men were used in this game, as it was sort of a practice game. Coach Lyman said: "I put every man in that I thought had any chance at all for the team." It must be remembered that so early in the season no regular team had yet been picked. The result of the game showed, we would have a winning team this year.

Boone game—Ames, 16; Boone, 0. After one week of drilling practice, the team journeyed to Boone, to play their ancient rivals from the town where nobody goes "dry." Boone picked out one of the worst cow pastures in the country for the football game and the coach said he didn't see how the fellows would ever get through the game without someone getting injured, but luck was with us and no one was seriously hurt. Quite a number from High School and town went over to see the contest which was "full" of excitement from beginning to end. The Boone team had a little the advantage of our team in weight, but the superior training of our men soon began to tell. The first minute of play a "safety" registered two points in our favor, but not until the last quarter could we



cross their goal line, when we made two touchdowns, making a total of sixteen points. Boone played good ball and if our line had not held in the critical moments our goal would have been crossed for a touchdown. Coach Lyman said we were lucky to get away with sixteen points as every team was laying for Ames in hopes of beating us by hook or crook, for the team that does will win a reputation.

Perry game—Ames, 47; Perry, 0. Just two days before the game Coach Hansen arrived and although he had but a short time to get acquainted with the boys he went with them to Perry. Everyone expected a hard game because all the dope we could get was that they had a real good team. The first two minutes of play Perry started right out for our goal, right through our line as if it were made of paper. However, Perry soon fumbled and we got the ball. The very first play "Bill" Heater made a touchdown and from then on the game was well in our hands. The score at the end of the first half was fourteen to nothing. But the fellows came back strong and by the last quarter the game became more of a field meet than a football game. Captain Davis, "Tubby" Quade and "Chick" Heater as well as Bill Heater had their turn in scoring and it was one of the easiest games that we have had this season. Perry newspapers commented highly on our team and said that they played more like college than high school teams.

Fort Dodge game—Ames, 7; Fort Dodge, 0. The game with Fort Dodge is always hard and generally a good game. They turn out some real football teams there and they are hard to beat. The team went up there perhaps a little over-confident. The week before they had walloped Perry so bad that they had a pretty good opinion of their ability, but before the day was over they were destined to reconsider their thoughts, at least a little. Fort Dodge had an exceptionally strong team and we were able to score only once. When after a long run by "Chick" Heater, who had intercepted a forward pass, "Tubby" Quade shot the ball over the line for a touchdown and Ricketts kicked goal. Davis got away for good gains and our line showed much fight for when backed nearly against their own goal they held Fort Dodge on downs.

Newton game—Ames, 33; Newton, 0. The night before the game a "Pep" meeting was held to stir up enthusiasm about the game. It had been a month since the boys had played on their own grounds and because they had developed so wonderfully since the Eagle Grove game everybody wished to see them in action again as the people had had no chance to see them play for some time. The band and a good crowd were on the field when the game was called and much enthusiasm was shown. The fellows played a fine game, which was the result of teamwork. Captain Davis was the star of the game, although



everyone did their duty and the game was a walk away for Ames. Harold Harris was seriously injured in this game and this weakened the team somewhat, at that time we had efficient men to fill his place. Ames had expected a hard game but it was a comparatively easy one for they scored at will while the Newton boys were at no time in danger of scoring on our team. The efforts of Coaches Lyman and Hansen were now beginning to tell because now we had one of the fastest teams in the state beyond doubt.

Webster City game—Ames, 36; Webster City, 0. Webster City came here expecting to win as they had not been beaten at that time this season, and they were quite confident of victory. As usual there was a large crowd on the grounds. We expected a hard game but we romped away with an easy victory. It took some little time for our boys to show Webster City we were better than they, but in the second half our boys got down to business and thirty-six points were registered in our favor. In this game Thurresson (tackle) received a broken collar bone, laying him out for the rest of the season. It was quite a loss to the squad as "Harry" was always on deck and always showed lots of fight. Pammel showed up fine with the rest of the backfield. "Tubby" Quade received a "charlie horse" which was to keep him out of the game the rest of the season. He was greatly missed at "full" as he was one of the regulars left over from last year.

West Waterloo game—Ames, 20; West Waterloo, 13. Quite a number of the Ames people went up to Waterloo where a hard game was expected. W. W. started out with a rush and at the end of the first half the score stood 13 to 7 in W. W. favor. Things looked pretty dark for us but the team came back strong as usual and two touchdowns were registered thus bringing victory to the team and A. H. S. West Waterloo has about the best team in that part of the state. This game was quite a victory although the team was scored on the first time this year.

LeMars game—Called off.

West High game—West High, 19; Ames, 0. At last we have been beaten. It's a hard pill to swallow but we may as well take defeat as good sports. West High played a better game than we did as the score shows, yet we really did have hard luck. With Harris, Thuresen and Carberry out of the line and Quade out of the backfield we could hardly have expected to win. Then Captain Davis, the man around whom our team was built, was hurt in the early part of the game and had to be taken out in the third quarter. So you see we were playing against odds for although we had able substitutes yet the more good men you have for a game like the one with West High the better chance you have. Much enthusiasm was shown before the game and at the game. We had a half a dozen "pep"



meetings before the contest and everybody was quite excited over our prospects, but the enthusiasm did not win the game, sorry to say. West High won the toss and decided to receive at the north goal. Within three minutes a touchdown was registered for West High. From then on it was an up-hill fight all the way. West High scored her second touchdown in the first half and at the end of the first half the score stood 13 to 0 in favor of West High. Twice in the first half our team got within striking distance of West High's goal only to fail at goal from the field. A costly fumble by our team is recovered by West High. This gives them the chance to score the second time the first half. The second half the boys came back strong and did their best to score. Davis, Pammel, Heater all got away with the ball for good gains and the forward pass was worked a number of times, yet at the critical moment, we were held for downs. Two more attempts for goal from field were tried but they failed and we were unable to score. The ends did fine work getting down under the punts generally waiting for the West High man to catch the ball. But in spite of this we were unable to score and West High scored her final touchdown in the fourth quarter. Mick Cameron substituted for Davis, who was taken out on account of injuries, at the end of the third quarter and "Tubby" Qade was sent in at full in place of Joe Anderson, but he was injured after about a minute's play and Bill Heater finished the game at full. This puts Ames out of the line for state championship. But other years are coming. There was a large and appreciative crowd at the game, perhaps the largest ever at a high school game in this city.

### **Ames Seconds and Nevada High**

The Ames Seconds played two games with Nevada, both in Nevada. Ames won the first with a score of 26 to 0 and Nevada the second. Second game score 19 to 6. These second team games gave encouragement to the fellows that didn't make the first team and are a good thing for everyone concerned.

### **1914 Schedule**

September 26—Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Ames. Score: Eagle Grove, 0; Ames, 26.

October 3—Boone High vs. Ames, at Boone. Score: Boone High, 0; Ames 16.

October 10—Perry High vs. Ames at Perry. Score: Perry High, 0; Ames, 47.

October 17—Fort Dodge vs. Ames, at Fort Dodge. Score: Fort Dodge, 0; Ames, 7.

October 24—Newton vs. Ames, at Ames. Score: Newton, 0; Ames, 33.

October 31—Webster City vs. Ames, at Ames. Score: Webster City, 0; Ames, 36.



November 7—West Waterloo vs. Ames, at Waterloo. Score: West Waterloo, 13; Ames, 20.

November 20—West High vs. Ames, at Ames. Score: West High, 19; Ames, 0.

### **West High-Ames High Game Seen Through Visitor's Eyes**

A fine crowd attended this final game. The Ames High students stood behind their team all the time and showed the right kind of spirit. West High seemed to have come to Ames to win fair or foul. They had the larger score at the end of the game than Ames High, but did they have as clean a record? Did they play the game as gentlemen should? Personally I know nothing of the two schools or of the respective teams. I do know this that the Ames High Team played the game as clean and square as any team could possibly have done. A cleaner, better bunch never crawled into the football togs than the same Ames team that trotted onto the field October 20, 1914. Perhaps the people on the bleachers saw more of the plays than did the officials. The West High made their attack on the backfield from the very first and they used means that ought to put them to shame. Going to the game I chanced to overhear a group of Ames boys talking about West High. They said: "Fellows, West High boys always play fair and square, they sure are good sports, and we will see the cleanest, fastest football ever played on the college field." It seems to have been a mistake. West High failed to show her sportsmanship and clean playing. One thing she did do, she raised Ames High in the estimation of all who witnessed the game. If the Ames boys were judging West High by her players last year, all the clean players must have graduated. We saw but few in Ames that day. The Ames High Students owe more to the team than they will ever be able to repay. If they are not proud of that team and stand behind it after such a clean hard fought game as the West High game, there is something wrong, decidedly wrong. I have the greatest respect for Ames High and I hope that I may witness some of their games next year.

Wishing them the greatest success,

TEXAS.

Total score for opponents of Ames—32.

Total score for Ames—185.

Games lost—1.

Games won—7.



# Class Reports

## Sophomores

October 22—A meeting of the sophomores was held in the study hall, Miss Ford presiding. The masquerade party was announced and discussed, followed by a meeting of the committees.

October 30—The party was well attended by ghosts, witches, darkies and the like. The comedy of the evening was Mr. Caldwell, blackened up and in dresses, as "Aunt Sally." The other teachers were also there in costume. A chance was given to kiss the cat or to have your fortune told. Refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, apples, peanuts and punch. Various games were played, including "drop-the-handkerchief" (in which Aunt Sally persisted in taking sleigh rides). A delay was caused in getting out of the building, as some revellers had barred the doors on the outside; but they were unfastened by a boy who went through a window.

November 18—The organization meeting of the sophomores was called at 2 p. m. in the assembly. The following officers for the class were elected:

President—Harold Crosby.      Treasurer—Nellie Guise.  
Vice-President—Ruby Wasser.      Reporter—Paul Potter.  
Secretary—Ione Rice.

## Junior Class

The junior class of A. H. S. met in the study hall of the High School on Wednesday, November 4, 1914, and the following officers were elected:

President—Dorothy Bowdish.  
Vice-President—Margerat Lysinger.  
Secretary—Wallace Longworth.  
Treasurer—Helen Raymond.  
Reporter—Ila Wilcox.

There were about twenty-one girls and one boy at the meeting. This record shows that the junior boys have lots of "pep" toward the making of a class what it should be.

## Senior Class Report

At a meeting of the senior class the following officers were elected:

President—Will Davis.  
Vice-President—Vearl Heater.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Jessie Powell.

There were eight members of the '15 class out for football: Will Davis (Capt.), Glenn Carberry, Vearl Heater, Bernus Meltzer, Bernice Ricketts, Walter Harriman, Walter Judge and Paul Melick.

This year there are four post-graduates: Mamie Allen, Velma Griffith, Violet McDonald and Nelle Williams.



## Alumni Notes

Of the class of '14 Sarah Alcorn, Myrtle Bourland, Norris Brentnell, Bernice Dodds, Dorothy Dodds, Lyman Dreibelbliss, Mae George, Vesta Greer, Helen King, Lollie Loughran, Harold McDowell, Guy McNeil, Donald Merrill, Edward Morris, Harold Nichols, Howard Park, Datus Proper, Grace Sloss, Leland Spangler, Olive Sunderlin, Loyall Thomas, Hannah Valentine, entered I. S. C. this fall. Lucille White, Jennie Erickson and Genevive Sauer are teaching.

Ronald Allen is specializing in music at the University of Wisconsin.

Lisette Meltzer is at Highland Park college.

Alice Mitchell, Edith Ross, Isabel Row, '14, and Anita Meltzer, '12, are at the Teacher's college.

Marion Russell has a good position at Billings, Mont.

Paul Storm, '12, the first editor of The Spirit, is a sophomore at the University of Minnesota.

Arthur Storm, '10, will graduate from Minnesota in the spring.

Edith Curtiss, '13, is taking agriculture at I. S. C.

Byron Knapp and Rowland Kirkham, ex-'15, have entered the two year courses at I. S. C.

Orrie Ghrist, '12, is studying in Berlin.

Lois Pammel, '12, is training to be a nurse in Chicago.

There are seventeen '12's, twenty-five '13's and twenty-three '14's at I. S. C.

Niva Nichols, '10, with her mother and grandfather, were abroad this summer.

Dr. L. E. Willey, '07, is in the extension work at the college.

Mildred Pettibone, Lela Golden and Ella Millar, '13's are all teaching.

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## Music

The High School Chorus was organized the second week of school. It has been divided into two divisions. The first one consisting of freshmen and sophomores and the second of juniors and seniors. They have taken up "The Village Blacksmith" by Longfellow, which they expect to give after Thanksgiving vacation.

The Girls' Glee Club was organized the first of October. There are about ten members in it. The book "Summer" has been taken up as their work.

The Boys' Glee Club was also organized about the first of October. They are working on general quartette work and are expecting to appear at an assembly before long.





Owing to the fact that it is rather early we have not received many exchanges, but we hope by the next time to have a large number.

We are pleased to note that there are several college papers sent to us. Among them are: The Iowa State Student, The Drake Daily Delphic and the Iowa Alumnus.

Among the High School papers are: The Record, Sioux City High; The Newtonia, Newton High; and the Old Gold and Blue, Ida Grove High.

We want to congratulate The Record on their paper. It is an exceptionally good one for their first issue this school year. We notice that they own their printing press which is a great advantage.

The Newtonia certainly does its High School credit. We notice especially the originality of their jokes.

Another paper we received was the Old Gold and Blue. They have organized an orchestra of about twenty-five members. The classes have also organized and elected their officers. They edit a fine paper and we hope we may get an exchange from them again.

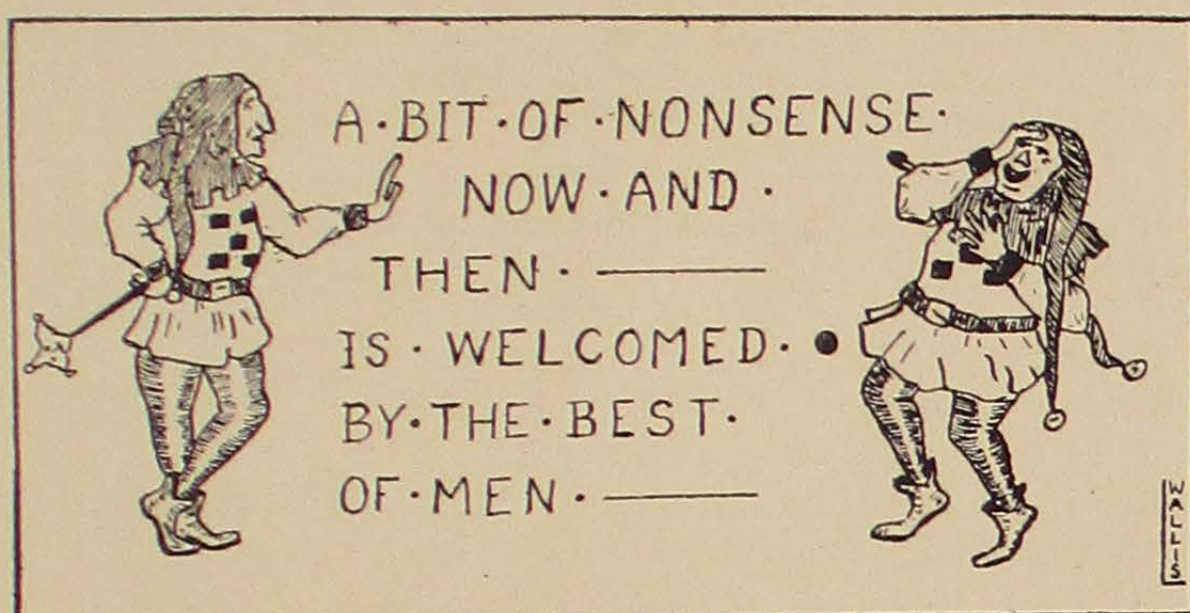
To be a Senior ist sehr gross,  
To be a Junior ist Devine,  
To be a Soph bist du Mein,  
To be a Freshman, ach Damit.

—Ex.

How dear to my heart is the cash of subscriptions,  
When generous subscribers present it to view,  
But the one who wont pay I refrain from description,  
For, perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you.

—Ex.





“Perhaps these jokes are old and should be on the shelf;  
If you could do any better, why didn’t you send some your-  
self?”

### “Candy” Major’s Motto

There are meters iambic, and meters trochaic  
And meters in musical tone,  
But the meter that’s neater, sweeter, completer,  
Is to meet her by moonlight alone.

When desiring lessons in woodcraft and shooting inquire of  
Verne Moses, alias “Joshua.” Phone Black 811. V. M.

Naomi Grey, referring to Braddock’s defeat: “The Indians  
got behind trees and shot at them.”

Miss Bray, in study hall: “We want nothing but silence,  
and but little of that.”

German 3, as translated by a student: “Later Fred polished  
the buttons of his father’s uniform with a broad grin.”

Reward—\$5.00 for the joke put in The Spirit on me. Har-  
old Major. (Hint, read it.)

Hester Crosby’s heart is like the moon—everchanging—but  
always a man in it.

Miss Coffey in Physics: “What is vacuum?”

Bill Van Duzer: “I have it in my head but I can’t ex-  
plain it.”



Ag. Prof. to the whole class: "Tell me the difference between a one and two year old apple trees."

Albert Husted: "One year."

---

If a good looking girl should come to A. H. S. would Bruce Naylor?

---

Miss Bray: "What's this I hear?"

Voice: "Angel (?) footsteps."

---

Mr. Lyman, discussing time of industrial development in economics class, asked: "Bessie Cretsinger, can you give me a date?"

---

Doris Coad: "I have been with all the boys in A. H. S. but Glen Easterly, Author Heggens, and Howard Wygle." Notice "Candy" was the first victim.

---

Loney Raynus is a poor wrestler, because he lets all the girls throw him.

---

Miss Crawford, in German 3, referring to the fact that she had not had a chance to speak very much German during the summer vacation: "I never did much talking this summer." Why? Could it be possible she didn't have a chance or is she going to reform?

---

Oct. 31st, 1914. Neta Snook had a "pep" meeting all her own. Ask Eldred.

---

Miss Bray: "I don't care what anyone said, when an old hen sits he sits on his own accord."

---

Mr. Lyman in physiology: "If I stand on my head the blood all runs to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," he continued triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet why doesn't it all run to my feet?"

Bright Student: "Because your feet are not empty."

---

After Clarence Smith had returned to Phy. Class, from a forced absence, Miss Coffey asked: "Clarence, are you sore?"

---

Walter Judge: "Miss Sprague, what did Oliver Cromwell look like?"

Miss A. Sprague: "Really, Walter, I don't remember."

---

Wanted—Chauffeur, preferably one with lots of "pep."  
Neta Snook.



German 3, Miss Crawford: "Yes, now what comes after cheese?"

Verne Moses: "A mouse."

---

Joe Carr in English 7: "What poor fool wrote this, Miss Bray, 'Absence in love is like water upon a fire, a little quickens it, a lot extinguishes it'?"

Miss Bray: "What page, please?"

Joe: "Page 500 (fly leaf)."

---

If some one should place a new door mat at the south door would "Clair Tripp?"

---

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss?"

Dorothy Summers: "What! Do you think I am?"

---

Stock Exchange, latest reports: Smith and Waltmire cornered Coffey.

---

Wanted—Bids on my hair. Only a limited supply. Prefer a wire factory. Prin. Caldwell.

---

If a dog should come to school would "Marie Petitt?"

---

Charles Snyder in German 3: "They hitched up their bundles and stuck their last pennies in their pockets and went up the street."

---

Miss Bray: "I wouldn't be ashamed to tell my age."

Tom Sloss: "Ha! Ha! I'd never tell."

---

Wanted—Nurses for Alg. 4 and His. 5 students. Great numbers afflicted. Clark and Sprague doctors.

---

If Doc Harriman and Bill Ricketts should steal a hen from their mother's chicken pen would "Leah Baker?"

---

Why is a side-saddle like a four quart measure?  
Because it holds a gal-on.

---

From a conversation heard on the Des Moines car the teachers seem to be quite "CRAZY" about Tom Sloss.

---

For Sale—Alg. 4. Good as new. Seldom used. Cheap. Vearl Heater.

---

Miss Bray, assigning classics: "Glen McCannon, 'My Lost Youth.'"



German 3, Meryl Rutherford: "I have been expelled from Jena because I have broken the rector's window."

---

If the janitors had not put the new glass in the doors would "Harold Seymore?"

---

John Reddett as poultry manager is a favorite with the "chickens."

---

Here comes Clare Boos. I wonder which side of Main street he owns.

German 3, Doc. H.: "He wept with his hands."

Geddes Niles, doing the same thing: "He swept the air with his hands."

---

Miss Bray to Tom Sloss, who insisted upon continually raising his hand in English class: "Tom, I am getting tired of your arm."

---

When the bunch had a game of cards did "Lenard Deal," "Lura Gamble" and "Ed-win?"

---

Why are young ladies at the breaking of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

---

Glen C. in German 3: "All eyes flowed to Hans."

---

If some of the boys got excited and went to church would "Pecky McNeil?"

---

As translated by Neta Snooks: "He held up his bright blue eyes to his mother and then let them fall again."

---

Miss Crawford used to have a S. S. class in the M. E. church, but now she has a private class in North Duff woods.

---

Modern means of stirring Coffey: The Merry-go-round.

---

If some one was called on to sing a song in assembly would "Cretsinger" or "Munsinger?"

---

Why is Verne Moses startled by the Story City train?

---

If Tilden and Poole's window needed washing would "Donald Soper?"

---

If Miss McIlrath should get lost would "Ethel Hunter?"



## Sumore Sarkassum

" 'Tis sweet to love  
But, oh how bitter,  
To love a girl  
And not git 'er.

—Judson: Ask me.

---

A young lady attending college and wishing to show her parents how much she had learned, wrote the following paragraph concerning an accident she had witnessed: "He hurled the previous end of his anatomy against the boy's afterwards with an earnestness and velocity, which backed by the ponderosity of the goat's avoirdupois imparted a momentum which was not relaxed until he landed on the terra firma beyond the pale of the goat's jurisdiction."

---

"Boys," said Mr. Lyman, "you should never lose your tempers. You should never swear or get angry or excited. I never do. Now, to illustrate, you all see that little fly on my nose. A good many men would get angry at that fly and,—but I don't, I never lose my temper. I simply say: 'Go away GO AWAY—confound it! It's a wasp—!!!!!!!xxxxzzzz——.'"

---

### Heard at the Dissenters' Meeting

Clare Boos: "I rise for information."

Harold Harris (Pres.): "I am very glad to hear it for no one needs it more."

---

### Wisdom from an Unexpected Source

"It's a great comfort to be alone," said Harold Culp, "especially when your sweetheart is with you."

---

Sarah McElyea: "Joe, why are my cheeks like a span of horses?"

Joe Anderson: "Because there is on on each side of a wagin' tongue."

---

Eve was created for Adams Express Company.

---

Miss Crawford, returning from teachers' convention: "We sat on suitcases, arms and everything."

---

I. S. C. Student: "How can I win you for my own?"

Hester Crosby: "You fellows might get up a raffle; I am engaged to seven of you."

---

Miss Clark: "Oh! what a beautiful waist you have, Miss Sprague."



Miss A. Sprague: "Yes, it is over fifty years old."

Miss Clark: "Really, did you make it yourself?"

---

Wouldn't it be funny if you should hear:

Gladys Ricketts say: "Oh, kid have you heard the latest?"

Of Harold Major having a date.

Joe Anderson singing a popular song.

Of Ted getting canned from class.

Of John Redditt writing jokes for The Spirit.

Sal laugh.

Pete talking in Assembly.

Of a long history lesson.

Glen C. crack a joke.

Of Miss Clarke giving a lecture in Alg. 4.

Of Baily kicking.

Of the Senior class being slow.

Of Prof. Hicks looking solemn in Assembly.

Of Grant D. without Francile.

Of Cora Willey smiling.

Of Ila Wilcox without a Nichol.

Of a Senior party.

Of Verne Moses, when he did not have a reason.

Of a Senior class meeting.

---

### Possible but Not Probable

Geddes Niles with a girl.

Anna Thon answering "not prepared" in History 5.

"Deak" Griffith cracking a joke.

Lyman flirting with the young ladies during the sixth period.

Miss Clark explaining a problem.

Finding Miss Crawford alone before or after school.

Finding "Stormy" Wilson at home Sunday evenings.

To find John Redditt when he isn't smiling.

Baily walking across the floor quietly.

G. W. Wilson, Prof. of Math.

"Bill" Davis as a preacher.

"Hick" Ricketts a bachelor.

---

If anyone feels slighted because we did not get their name in this issue, please hand your name to the Editor-in-Chief, and we will do our best to find space to give your name proper attention, the next issue.

---

Tom Sloss has a hope-box containing—

Two cans of fruit.

Pair shoe strings.

Vinegar jug.

Tea-pot.

Spool darning cotton.



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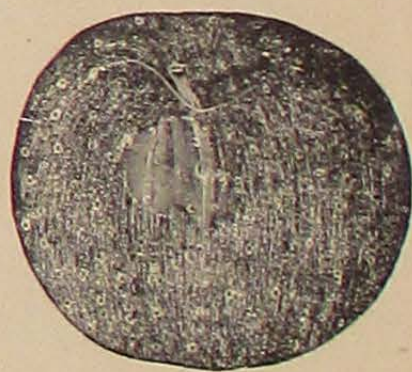
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VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1915

NO. 2



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# THE SPIRIT

VOL. 4

FEBRUARY, 1915

NO. 2

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## EDITORIAL

The Christmas spirit which was evidencing itself before vacation, reached its zenith and has now subsided and the students have returned with renewed vigor to resume their school work.

True it is, we often heard, "Vacation was not nearly long enough." Nevertheless, it takes a vacation to make us appreciate the pleasures we derive from the comradeship of our schoolmates.

Perhaps it takes the Christmas spirit to revive the kindly feeling, but let us keep it alive throughout the year.

A contest, for the three best jokes, was held before the first issue of the "Spirit." The number represented was unusually small denoting either, the absence of originality on the part of the students or carelessness and lack of interest in school activities. But those who entered are to be commended upon the quality of the work handed in. The contest was won by Gladys Ricketts, who submitted the three best original jokes, which entitles her to four numbers of the "Spirit."



At one of our recent assemblies we had with us Dr. Chittick, of The Pure Food and Dairy Commission. He gave an extremely interesting illustrated lecture on "Pure Food and Sanitation," encouraging the while, sanitation, which is at the basis of our defective food products.

A very interesting feature of another assembly was a song given by four little girls, from the grades, of Central school. Our apprecation of this was shown by the hearty applause given them.

---

Anyone having desirable material, at any time for the "Spirit," kindly hand it to the editor or drop it in the "Spirit box," and it will be greatly appreciated.

---

We think we have a fine paper, especially the new cover, if you think so, say so, and if you don't, get busy and help make it better. Team-work counts on a paper, as well as in a football game.

---

We are glad to welcome Leonard Jacobson to our fair city, his family having moved here from Gilbert during vacation.

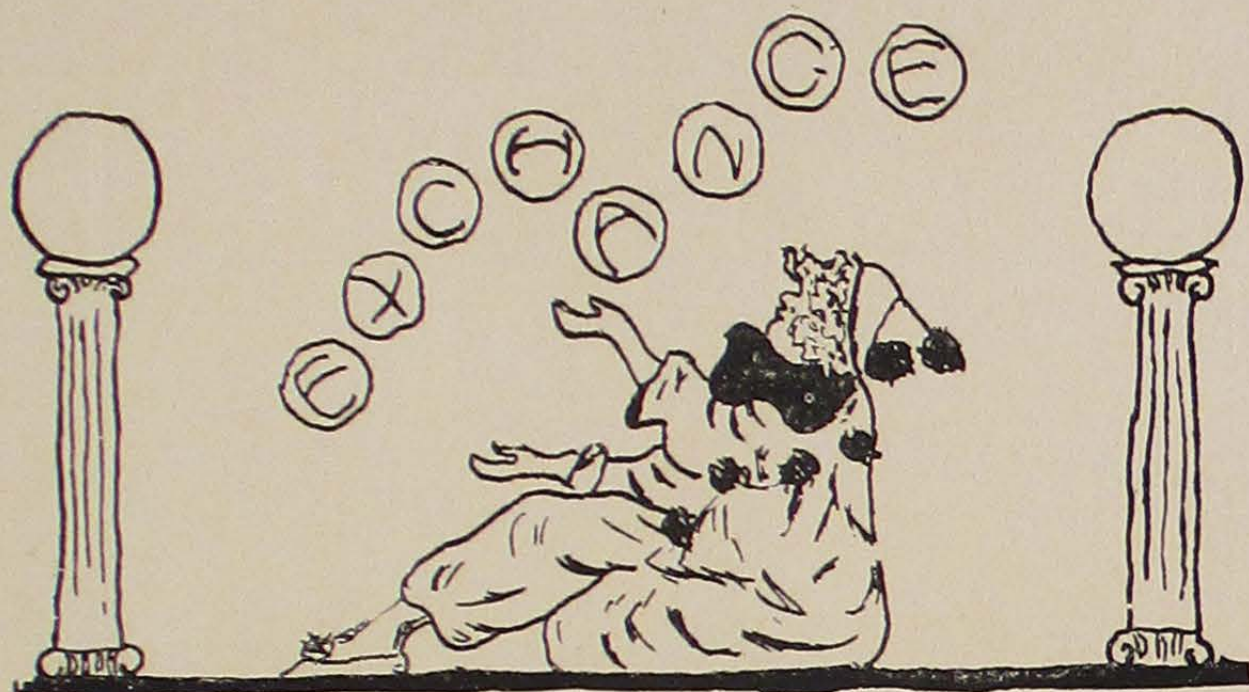
---

Howard Wygle, our worthy assistant business manager, and one of the most popular boys in A. H. S. will leave us at the end of this semester. He will attend school in Keokuk. "Zeb" was good at any line of athletics he tried. We certainly are sorry to lose him and we all wish him success in the future.

---

Help boost the "Spirit."





A. B. (at meat market): "I want to buy a chicken."

Butcher: "Do you want a pullet?"

A. B.: "No, you simp, I want to carry it."

—Clintonian," Clinton, Iowa.

#### For Boys Only

There's nothing a girl would like to find out  
Better than that which she ought not to know;  
And we bet she'll find out somehow  
If given a shade of a show.  
We're willing to bet dollars to doughnuts  
That this poem (?) she's already read,  
We knew she'd get at it somehow,  
If she had to stand on her head.

—The Karux, Phillipsburg, N. J.

Silently one by one  
In the infinite books of the teachers  
Blossom the neat little Zeros  
The forget-me-nots of the pupils.

—The Kyote, Billings, Mont.

When Cupid hits his mark he generally *Mrs.* it.

The exchanges for this month are very few. We have received only two replies from the exchanges we sent out. Those who replied were "The Newtonia," Newton, Iowa, and "The Quill," of East Des Moines.

The Newtonia, as usual, had a fine bunch of jokes. The "Literary" department surely deserve special mention. We agree with the Quill in what it says: "The Newtonia has a well arranged and attractive advertising section."

The Quill has a very attractive book for their Christmas num-



ber. The literary and joke departments are fine. The editorials are also written up attractively. The "snaps" help to make the book interesting.

---

### **Freshmen Party**

On December 11th the Freshmen held a party which proved to be a grand success. One hundred and thirty pupils were there, chaperoned by the High School faculty.

The entertainment consisted of games, among them being, "Whisk Broom," "Flying Dutchman" and "Three Deep." There were also several stunts put on by various groups. Moving picture show, county school, and gym stunts were especially worthy of mention. The star event of the evening was the boxing match between Principal Caldwell and Mr. Giese. Coach Lyman as Santa Claus distributed a gift to each one present, causing much merriment.

After the refreshments, which were sandwiches, chocolate, apples and candy, the company broke up and this Freshmen party passed into history.

---

November 21 the Freshmen held their class meeting in the study hall with Miss McIntosh presiding, and elected the following officers:

President—Beatrice Olson.

Vice President—Victor Beach.

Secretary—Marian Tucker.

Treasurer—Harold Seymour.

Reporters—Doris Coad and William McClure.

Chairman of Social Committee—Edith Wallis.

---

### **Senior Class Party**

December eighteenth was the date made memorable by the "get-together" meeting of the "great" and the "near grate" where momentous questions, consisting of "sells," and problems were solved and dissolved, where merriment made merry and hilarity hilarious.

For the occasion the High School gymnasium was decorated in the class colors and also the Christmas idea was carried out in the tree and mistletoe.

Most of the class were presented with a souvenir (?) when they were being lined up for the class picture.

Gifts for each member present grew on a pine tree, which were harvested and delivered to the receiver by one called Santa. After all had received a token of his past, present or future amusements, refreshments were served by experienced waiters and waitresses. The party then came to a close for the holiday vacation.

The lads and lassies were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Giese.



The Seniors have selected and ordered their class pins and rings. They will probably be here the last of January.

---

### Senior Class Resolutions

As Seniors of Ames High school we hereby pledge ourselves to the following resolutions, the keeping of which will be our highest endeavors through the year.

First. Be it resolved that the Senior class will not at any time henceforth try or attempt in any manner whatsoever to do anything which can in any way be termed as a class function.

Second. Be it further resolved, That any Senior, or Seniors, caught trying in any way to get up anything which would bring the class together for any purpose other than necessary business, will be deemed as an unworthy member, or members, of the class, and should be denounced as highly impertenant being, or beings, guilty of a very high misdemeanor in the eyes of the "Class of '15."

(Signed)

SENIORS '15.

Witnessed by my hand and seal this 6th day of January, the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred fifteen.

NO PEP,  
Omnipotent Factor, A. H. S. '15.

---



# ATHLETIC

## FOOTBALL

With the giving of a banquet to the A. H. S. football men on December 3 by the business men of the town, and the election of football captain on December 11, one of the most successful football seasons in the annals of the A. H. S. football history, was brought to a close.

On the evening of December 3 the football men and some of the high school authorities enjoyed a very pleasant evening in honor of the football team. A four-course dinner was served after which speeches were in order for the evening.

Professors Hicks and Caldwell of the faculty, Mr. Tilden, head of the board of education, Dr. Bush and Coach Hanson, all gave short, enjoyable talks to the boys, Dr. Bush acting as toastmaster for the evening. Everybody reported a good time with lots of eats, and we are sure the team, and, in fact, the whole high school, appreciates what the business men of the town have done for us this year; for they not only backed us in words, but when the real need for money came to secure a much needed coach, they gladly came forward with the money. With this kind of backing in the future, Ames High will always have a good team.

Friday afternoon, December 11, Principal Caldwell called the football boys together for election of next year's captain. Sixteen men voted and it was finally decided in favor of McKinley Steigerwalt. Steigerwalt is a good, hard-fighting linesman, and with the help of the coach, he ought to be able to win victory for A. H. S. Next year's team will have an abundance of old material to work with and although we lose Capt. Davis, Carberry, "Hick" Ricketts, "Chick" Heater and Meltzer, yet we still have ample material left with which to build up a championship team for next year and that is something we should all strive for.

---

### Prospects for A. H. Basketball.

On November 30th candidates for the basketball team first made their appearance on the gym floor. About 20 reported for the first practice but since then about 30 have been reporting every evening, which shows there is not lack of material to work with. But the question now is, "Is the material capable of being developed into a winning team?" Coach Lyman says he thinks it is with the help of good hard practice.

Capt. Thomas, Sandy Brintnal and Chas. Story of last year's



squad, graduated and their loss will be felt very keenly, but with the help of Quade, Britten, Swearingen and Flauher, who are back with us again this year, we should be able to develop one of the best basketball teams Ames High ever had. No captain has as yet been selected but now as the class games are over, work on the regular squad will begin in earnest after a captain has been selected. Much earnest effort will be put up by the candidates and the coach for a good team and it is up to the students to back them, in which case, we can bring our basketball standing in the state on par with the football. The schedule has not been, up to the present date, fully decided upon but we have the following games for sure:

January 15—Nevada at Nevada.

January 22—Boone at Ames.

January 29—Nevada at Ames.

February 6—Eagle Grove at Eagle Grove.

February 12—Open.

February 19—Lincoln, Nebr., at Ames.

February 26—Eagle Grove at Ames.

March 5—Boone at Boone.

March 12—Open.

March 19—Open.

March 26—Open.

Negotiations for games with Marshalltown, Grinnell, Newton and Denison are in progress to the open dates in the schedule. They will all probably soon be filled.

---

### **Class Basketball**

This is the third season for class basketball and of course greater enthusiasm has grown with each succeeding year. It was first primarily instituted to help the athletic association to a firmer financial basis, but it has now grown to be the means by which the classes may show their class spirit as well as help train material for the regular basketball team, the season for which always starts soon after these games. Class games were arranged and announced for the evenings of the 15, 16 and 17th of December, and no little enthusiasm was shown by each class, however, in the department of rooting (as well as was later seen in the team). The Juniors seemed to have the best of the bargain. Last year's captain, Thomas, refereed the games. Each evening two games were played so that each team played every evening. The halves were alternated so that one pair of teams played one-half and finished their game after the second pair had played a half, the latter in turn finishing their game when the other had finished theirs.

### **Senior-Freshman Game**

The first game of the series was played between the Seniors and Freshmen. Both teams played a fine game, much to their credit, but the Seniors came out with the big end of the score.



Capt. Davis did a large part of scoring for Seniors with Major and Ricketts coming in with their share of the point winning. The Seniors were heavy and fought hard but the team work displayed by the Freshman speaks well for the lower classmen. Hammond seemed to be the main point winner for the Freshmen. Final score was 20-8 in favor of Seniors.

---

### **Junior-Sophomore Game**

Dope had it that the Juniors would win this game and for once dope was right. The boys of the Soph class fought hard but the steady team work of the Juniors and the Sophs took their only defeat of the season at the hands of the Juniors. With Swearingen leading in the scoring but the rest helping in that as well as other departments of the game, the Juniors romped away with an easy victory. Waitly was the only person who was able to score for the Sophs.

Final score 23-2, favor of Juniors.

---

### **Soph-Freshman Game**

Smarting under their defeat of the night before at the hands of the Juniors, the Sophs came back strong and walked away with the big end of the score between themselves and the Preps. The scoring seemed well distributed in this game among the different players and both teams put up a good fight, each fighting for his own class.

Final score 12-9, favor of Sophs.

---

### **Senior-Junior Game**

This game was the best and hardest fought game played during the class schedule, but the Seniors did not seem to be able to score to any high degree while the team work of the Juniors soon netted them a comfortable lead which they held throughout the game. V. Heater's only basket and Davis' five fouls were the only scores tallied by the Seniors, while the Juniors with Capt. Swearingen leading them, seemed to be scoring almost at will. Although it was a hard fought game the final score showed a decided victory for the Juniors.

Final score, 17-7, favor of Juniors.

---

### **Senior-Soph Game**

The Senior-Soph game was first the final night of the series and it promised to be perhaps the most exciting of any of the series of games on account of the evenness of ability of the two teams. Both teams scored quite regularly, especially the second half, and it made the contest exciting to the end. Major and Ricketts did steller work for the Seniors while Capt. Sorenson and Waitley were the mainstays of the Sophs. It finally



ended in the Soph's favor, although the game was a close, hard fought game all the way through.

### Junior-Freshman Game

The final game played between the Juniors and Freshmen ended decidedly in favor of the Juniors, thus giving them a clear claim to the class championship, which we are sure they earned. Their weight and team work were big factors in defeating the Freshmen, although the latter were unable to withstand the attacks of their opponents, Swearingen, as in previous games, led in the scoring for the Juniors, while McCarty was able to tally the highest number for the Freshmen.

Final score, 26-10, favor of Juniors.

### Class Teams

#### Freshman Team

McCarty, (c) F.  
Hammond, F.  
W. Ricketts, C.  
Soper, G.  
Anderson, G.  
Innes, G.  
Warner, C.

#### Sophomore Team

Sorenson, (c) C.  
Kinkade, F.  
Hoon, G.  
Ewing, G.  
Cox, G.  
Laughren, G.  
Murphey, C.

#### Junior Team

Swearingen, (c) C.  
Wygle, F.  
Flauher, F.  
Britton, G.  
Pammel, G.  
Cretsinger, G.  
Stewart, C.  
Van Duzer, G.  
Sloss, G.  
Mather, G.  
Kennedy, F.

#### Senior Team

Davis, (c) F.  
Major, F.  
Carberry, C.  
B. Ricketts, G.  
V. Heater, G.  
Redditts, G.  
McCarroll, F.  
C. McCarthy, F.

The games were played on the 1,000 per cent basis, each team playing each of the other teams only once. The final results were as follows:

|                | Won | Lost | P. C. |
|----------------|-----|------|-------|
| Junior .....   | 3   | 0    | 1,000 |
| Sophs .....    | 2   | 1    | 666   |
| Seniors .....  | 1   | 2    | 333   |
| Freshmen ..... | 0   | 3    | 000   |





John McCarroll in Chem.: "Guess I'll drink some of this  $H_2SO_4$ ."

Neta Snook: "Oh! don't; I don't want you to die here on my hands."

John: "Oh! I won't die on your hands."

Queer we don't see the Bank (Bernice) by das Wassar.

Extract from an essay on Oliver Cromwell: "Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose, but underneath were deep feelings."

"She to Adolph: "I don't like you any longer, Adolph."

"Cret": "Why?"

"She": "You're long enough."

If a gentle breeze were blowing would Lois Russell.

If Miss Boyd refused to teach school would Vina Nunamaker?

Our cartoonist's code of telephone numbers at Nevada: 53, Mabel Hayes; 26 City Jail; 54 Northwestern Depot.

"If at first I don't succeed I try 53, then the City Jail; then.....freight at 4:23 in the mornin'."

If Miss McIntosh was in danger of being run over by Ford, would Virgil Warner?

Lost—A cushion out of a Ford.—Grant Dudgeon.

Prof, Dadisman, in Ag class: "We will continue to discuss teeth off and on."

Isabel V. playing Victrola, picked up record, "Married Life."

Ronald Kooser: "How does it go?"

Isabel: "Let's try it."



All the High School teachers,  
In this mighty land,  
Make the poor Seniors hustle,  
And work to beat the band.

---

Ruby Wasser: "What names do you like best?"

Gladys R.: "Now I never liked such names as Bailey and Charles, but Oh you Harry."

---

Miss Petersen delights in singing: "Take a Carr."

---

Chem. class—Pecky Mc and John McC. were dismissed from class with one slip.

Pecky: "We can't get in on one ticket."

---

If Mr. Hicks has a million, what is Wallace Long-worth?

---

Mick C.: "Where is that pencil at?"

Miss Ford: "No! No! do not speak that way."

Mick: "Where at is it then?"

---

Mr. Lyman, to pupil in physiology class: "Of what use is the gall?"

Pupil, after few moments deep tho't: "I don't know unless it was invented especially for the book-agent."

---

In physics class—Harold Culp: "Can I stick my fingers in the mercury?"

Miss Coffey: "I should say not, they want to keep the mercury clean."

---

Whew! Francile Waitley is going to be an Osteopath Doctor-Grant, her success.

---

Did "Dug" Waitley ever go to Nevada and get "stung?"

---

"Francile, is fifteen cents enough to buy a box of candy?"—Grant D.

---

Harold Crosby: "Ione Rice."

---

If someone should lose their fifty cents for subscription, would the H. S. Spirit?

---

When Bernice Meltzer cracks a joke you can see the dust fly—it is so dry.

---

Speaking of the Spirit: "If Johnny Redditt would James B. Likely to?"



Judson sings: "Back to Carolin——huh?"

"Edith, have you a match?"

Edith Sutter: "No, my match is in the pen."

Found: A Ford cushion in the northwest part of town, under an old apple tree.—F. Waitley.

### Popular Song Hits

Gladys Kenley: "Bring me back my lovin' Honey Boy."

Sallie: "Won't you please have a heart."

Grant D.: "Do you take the women for your lawful wife?"

Joe Carr: "What's the use of being good?"

Edith Sutter: "Gee! I wish I were big."

Pete P.: "They always pick on me."

Loney R.: "I want a girl like the other fellows have."

"Candy": "I can't stop loving you now."

Miss Crawford: "What would I do without you?"

Doris Coad: "I'm thro' with roaming Romeos."

Clara Boos: "I met you. I loved you. I'll have you."

Davis W.: "Off with the old love, on with the new."

Bernice Ricketts: "High Cost of Loving."

Hester C.: "It isn't what he said, but the way he said it."

"Betty" K.: "I'm falling in love with someone."

Tom Sloss: "I love the teachers, all of 'em."

Albert Husted: "Casey Jones."

Hazel Johnson: "All alone, all alone—"

Katherine Allen: "Any dude'll do."

Francile W.: "The little Ford rambles right along."

Ralph Scofield: "I want to be a soldier boy."

Verne M.: "When that mid-night choo! choo! leaves for Story City."

George Olsan: "Sunshine and Roses."

Why Flauker never attends a Sunday school—He has a "Temple" all his own.

If Doc. Harriman operated on American History and take its appendix out, would Harold Seymour?

Little Miss Olsan  
Will be quite lonesome  
If Howard goes away,  
So we'd better arrange  
For something quite strange  
To persuade dear "Zeb" to stay.

"Hi! Pete, have you seen Vera?"

"Vera who?"

"Vera Cruz!!"



Mr. Pollard was heard singing: "Sweetly sings the donkey when he goes to Bray."

---

If Doris quit school, would Clare Boos(e).

---

Miss A. Sprague: "Leslie, what are you chewing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, please stop it."

---

### Our Ads

A little more pepper Bruce Naylor.

Wanted—

A date—Sallie.

New kid curlers—Velma G.

Some more beauty spots—Tubby R.

Something to make hair curly—Glen C.

For Sale—

My place of business—Hick R.

My 25c diamond—H. Major.

Ancient History—Dale McCarty.

For Rent—

My hair pins—Vi-McDonald.

My winning smile—John Redditt.

My Ford—Grant D.

Lost: My number—Miss Ford.

Wanted, a girl—A. Husted.

Lost Miss Coffey: "Best regards"—Fat F.

Wanted, a "fussy"—Senior party.

Lost: Two points in Hist.—John McC.

---

Harold Seymour is interested lately in "Banks."

---

If Jay Elliot lost a button off his coat, would Harriet Kelso?

---

We hear that "Tom" went to Ft. Dodge again. Said he had a , a real nice time while there.

---

Someone said that Nellie Guise stays up till almost ten-thirty p. m. every Friday and Sunday. Deak, better look into this!

---

Willie was visiting his aunt. One afternoon he became lonesome and asked her if she would play train with him. She consented.

"Now," he said, "give me your watch and get into the cab," pointing to a rocking chair.

Willie then jumped to the platform and cried: "Go along there you red-headed, cross-eyed jay."

"Why, Willie," his aunt cried in amazement.

"That's right, chew the rag," was the immediate response, "We're five minutes late already."



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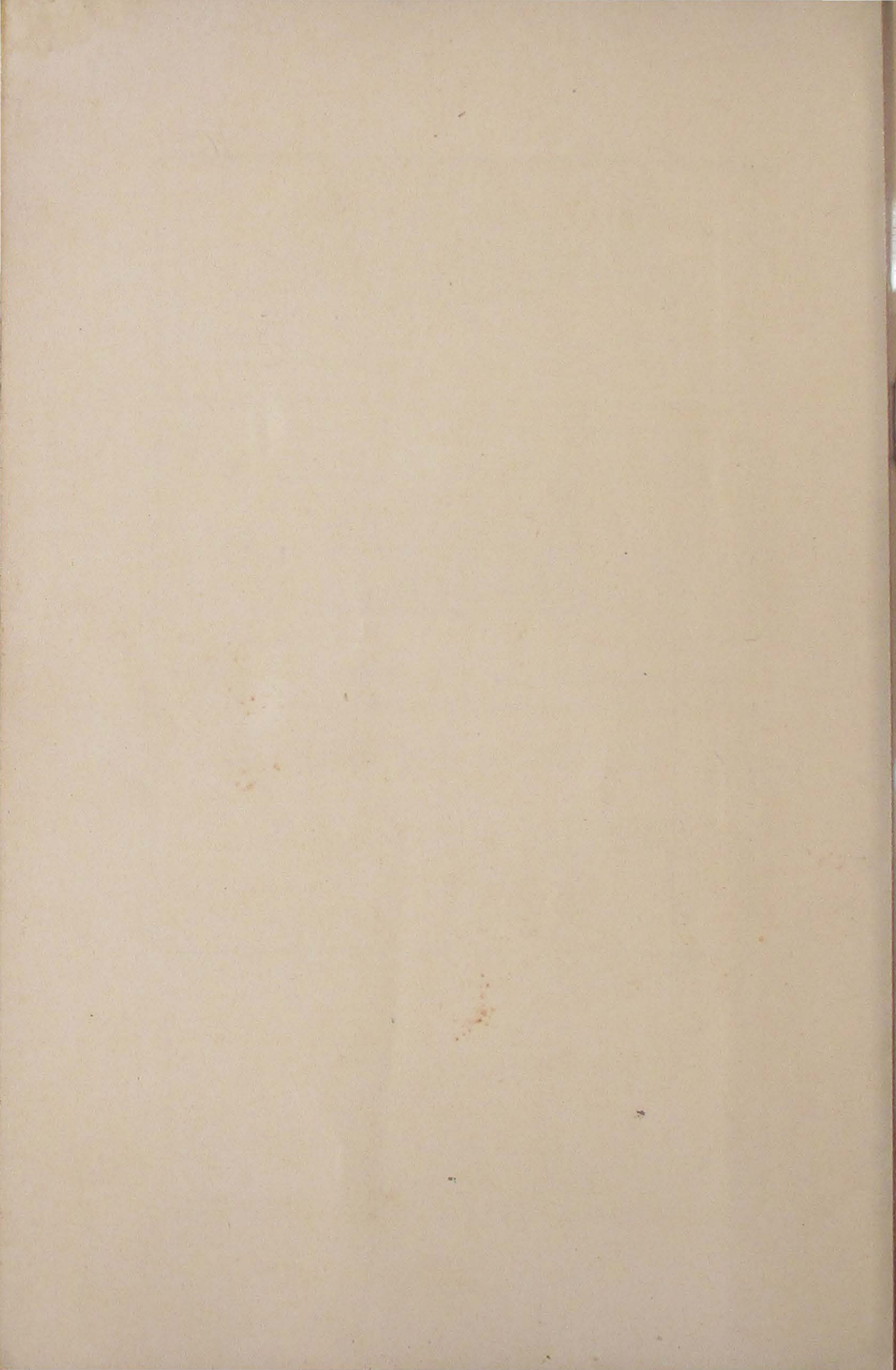
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## EDITORIAL

'List ye Seniors!' do you realize there is but three short months remaining before we will be leaving the ranks of A. H. S.?

The old associates will be scattered, and we like to flatter ourselves by thinking, or at least hoping that we will be missed by those remaining.

Some of the Seniors will go on to college, others will follow various other interests, but wherever we go, there will remain with us the pleasant memories of our high school days, forgetting the unpleasant ones, if we ever had any. Even if we do "crab" and think that each teacher assigns lessons as though he were the only member of the faculty, by some unknown way, we always get our work done; and when we "knock" we don't mean what we say. So that after all this, we hold dear to our memories "the best school in the world," it's teachers and students.



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### "The Necklace"

In a tropical country, it has been the general custom of the people to sit under some spreading tree or shade by the wayside or in some corner of the meadows, during the calm and sultry day at noon time and tell some lovely and fascinating stories and legends of the past.

It was one of those bright days in the hot season of the year, when I and my friend went together, to gather some wild flowers in the meadows for the decoration at the bridal ceremony of his elder sister on the following day. It was toward noon, and our baskets were nearly full of flowers when at length we came to a spreading tree, just by the side of the river. My friend, rather a bright and talkative fellow, younger than I, seeming to possess a knowledge of the past, proposed that we should sit under the tree and rest for a short time until the sun set.

We sat together in oriental fashion and I, who am sorry to say, have the characteristic of quietness of mind and I never talk unless I am asked to, but am always attentive to an interesting story or conversation, was as calm as could be. My friend began to narrate several stories from his own experience and one of them was the story of "The Necklace."

"Not long ago," he said, "in this beautiful land of ours, lived a couple in one of the towns by the seaside. They had two promising little children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Cesario and the girl's name was Consuelo. The boy, a bright little fellow was five years old, two years older than his sweet little sister. Their father, a strong and tireless worker, had so great a love for and interest in them, that he had always that parental and tender care to make them happy and intelligent. The mother in turn, who had the closest relation to the children, had the deepest joy and love for her two little ones.

But amid this glowing joy of the parents, a most terrifying misfortune confronted them. A group of invaders attacked the country and they became the victims of the strife. The husband was killed and the only son was carried away by the merciless invaders, leaving the mother and little sister amid the dark cloud of fury. The mother died broken hearted and the delicate, poor little girl was adopted by one of the unknown neighbors.

Time went on and Cesario amidst the land of the invaders, became the favorite of the chief. He was given an excellent education and was treated as his own son. But Cesario was not satisfied. There was in his heart a burden of sorrow. "Oh, if I could only escape," said he one day, "and see my dear



ones once more, they could tell me the fate of my parents and sister, though perhaps they are all dead." As time went on, he grew into manhood with well developed strength and power, and indomitable courage in his heart.

Consuelo by that time was 'blooming into lovely womanhood;' God-fearing, industrious and dutiful to her guardians. She seemed to possess the sublime virtues of her mother. She was the very life and gladness of her guardians. To them 'she appeared like some tender plant in a garden, bringing forth flowers with their fascinating beauty. But poor Consuelo! she knew nothing of the past! The only thing she could remember was the precious necklace said to be given to her by her mother when she passed away.

One day, a commercial steamer anchored at the harbor in the land of the invaders and Cesario, mindful of his plan for escape, went to the steamer and made friends with the captain. He told of his sorrowful story since the days of his childhood. The captain sympathized with him and consented to carry and transfer him to his native land. He was full of joy at the proposed plan, then he went home and made ready for his flight on the following day. The day came and away Cesario went on his voyage with the sailors. Oh! what a joyful time he had. Finally the ship reached the harbor of his boyhood homeland. There he landed with more joy than he could realize. With a grateful and thankful heart, he parted from the captain.

For several tedious years from the time of Cesario's landing, he did not have any opportunity to learn any news of his parents and his only sister, for it was twenty-five years since that gloom passed over his family. But as the tide of life went on upon him, came that experience which comes into the life of every young man. He fell in love with a beautiful young girl of the city who was unknown to him. One day as he passed by her dwelling he realized the 'bewitching modesty in her looks' and he dreamed night and day of playing his part. The maiden in turn noticed him and she watched him often as he passed by her home. They never met or talked together, but actions speak louder than words, until at last Cesario decided to play the part of 'Romeo' with his unknown lover. All the sorrows of heart, all the gloom of his life and all the weariness of mind were forgotten when one day he sat by her side and expressed to her his true love. There was fairer prospect of felicity as he listened to her favorable answers. Their secret could no longer be kept from the guardians, so she told them all about it and received their consent to her wishes and their marriage was arranged.

The precious day came and the two lovers were dressed in wedding robes. Before coming to the altar in another chamber,



the modest bride with shining face, called Cesario and showed him her necklace. "This is the necklace," she said, delightfully, "which I shall wear at our wedding. It is very precious to me for it is my dear mother's own gift."

Cesario took it from her hand with joy and playfully kissed it. He looked it over again and again until he saw the fine inscription in it,—'Juanita Javier.' Then he looked at her with tears in his eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, sister, my dear sister! I had been looking for you for years!" He clasped her to his bosom and kissed her. Juanita Javier was their mother." Then the story was ended and I and my friend went home very late.—Quentin G. Fernandez, '16.

---

### Errors

Helen Bayon had just received a letter from her twin sister, Ellen, who was attending the university at Iowa City, saying that she would be at Ames, Saturday evening to attend the "all college" dance.

"Now this is just the time to play a joke on Will," thought Helen, "I have a date with him for the dance and I will ask him to get a friend for Ellen. Ellen and I will exchange partners just for a joke on Will. Ellen and I look so much alike that he will never know the difference until I tell him."

Helen met Will that day when she was hurrying across the campus to Chemistry. She asked him to get a friend for Ellen and left him, chuckling to herself, certain her plans would turn out right.

"Jolly, but that will be a good one on her," Will thought as he slammed the door of his room. "Jim is coming down for the dance and since we look alike or so nearly even if we are cousins, that Helen can't tell the difference."

Friday, early in the evening, he saw Helen hurrying down to the car to meet Ellen.

Jim Carleton, having arrived, he and Will were planning the fun of the evening. "Now," said Will, "It is just planned right. I saw Helen yesterday and she told me to get a date for her friend. Now I am going to put you on Helen and take her friend just for sport.

"I'm with you, old boy, it will be great fun. Glad we look so much alike," said Jim.

"Oh, Ellen, I have the grandest scandal to tell you," said Helen after the affectionate greetings were over. "Now, listen, since we look so much alike I am going to put you off on Will and I will take his man that he got for you. He sure will feel cheap."

"Yes, and we will dress just alike," answered Ellen. That evening Ellen was ready ahead of her sister who had worked so hard to make her plans a success.



When the first call at the door was answered it was found that Miss Bayon was wanted.

"Run along now Ellen, there is Will for me, play your part."

Ellen met the man, who was in fact Jim Carleton and they started for the gym where the dance was to be held. Ellen and Jim both having questioned sister and cousin were equally able to discuss the college activities and thus kept up a brilliant conversation.

Soon Will called and was met by Helen who was exceedingly surprised. Will felt baffled but each had to keep up their part. Their conversation however, was a little restrained and each was very busy trying to solve the little mystery checking their schemes that little thought was given to conversing. When they reached the gym each cast a hasty look over the crowd already assembled but Jim and Ellen were not to be seen. The whole evening was spent in anxiety on Helen's part looking for her sister while Will felt as near pouting as ever over what he considered Helen's scheming to outwit him. Jim and Ellen spent the greater part of the evening trying to keep out of sight of the others and yet having a good time.

They started home from the dance just as the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," were to be heard. When they got home they were sitting in the hall waiting the return of the other two, Jim was saying over and over to himself, "Can't blame Bill for liking her. Wish he didn't think so much of her. I might have a chance if Bill could only get interested in his own partner this evening." While Ellen was wondering if Helen and Will really thought so much of each other as they seemed to.

Just then the door opened and in came Helen and Will. They stopped still, as each saw the two in the hall; Will looking blankly at Ellen and Helen staring at Jim. The two in the hall likewise staring at each other. Jim was the first to recover himself, "Well, if this doesn't beat all I ever heard of."

"What does it mean?" said Helen.

"All I can say is that Helen and I are twin sisters, I don't know who you are," replied Ellen.

"Well, that is easily explained," said Will, "We are cousins."

"Well of all that scheming I have done to play a joke, this is the result," put in Helen rather disgusted even if she was glad to have the mystery solved.

"Did you scheme too? Well, if anything like this ever happened before, I would most like to hear it. I stayed awake nearly an hour the other night just to get the joke on you, and to think it turned out to be on both of us," said Will.

Ellen and Jim seemed well pleased with the joke or so would have been the opinion if you could have seen and also heard Jim asking if he might run down to Iowa City in a few days. The answer must have been in the affirmative for Jim was seen



to rush for the train the next Friday evening with a light heart and a smile on his face. The next Sunday saw Will and Helen out for a walk making amends for the playing and promising sincerely never to do such a thing again.—F. H. K. '16.

---

## ASSEMBLIES

January 13, Rev. Thuresson of the Methodist church led us in devotions. After which, Dr. H. D. Kennedy, evangelist, gave an interesting talk. Mrs. Kennedy and Herbert G. Tovey favored us with several songs.

January 28th Laverne Bucton, a graduate of the class of '14, entertained us with selection on the trombone. Also, the "Boys' Quartette," made their first appearance, which was very favorable.

February 3d, Rev. Johnson from the college, led us in devotions and gave an exceedingly interesting talk. We enjoyed this assembly especially because of the fact, that the Faculty Quartette, made up of Messrs. Caldwell, Lyman, Giese and Pollard, sang for us. They certainly did themselves justice, especially on the third encore, which was really touching.

February 10th, Rev. Caul of the Baptist church led us in devotionals. Dr. Elmore gave an exceedingly interesting talk on his last trip to India, which is one of the various trips he has taken around the world.

February 18th, Mrs. Corry, department president of the G. A. R., also patriotic instructor gave a patriotic talk, which everyone enjoyed. Will Clark gave a baritone horn solo.

March 1st, We had a special assembly, the occasion being the presence of Dr. Bancroft, who was present the night of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. He held the undivided attention of all, while he presented to us an exact word picture of that awful event.

---

## LITERARY SOCIETIES

Division B of the literary society gave their first program January 29. The program, which was looked forward to with great interest was as follows:

Piano Solo.....Jessie Taylor  
Current Events.....Meryl Rutherford  
Farce  
Violin Solo.....

Bailey Waltmire accompanied by Lawrence Murphy

The music was enjoyed by all. Meryl Rutherford gave a very interesting discussion on "Photography under water." The



farce was very humorous, the title being, "A Cyclone for a Cent." Each played their part well and all enjoyed it.

The second program given February 26 opened with a piano solo by Gladys Richetts. Hannah Valentine, an alumni, favored us with an interesting humorous reading. Current events were discussed by Glen Wilson, his subject being the "Advantages and Disadvantages of the Submarine." Cora Willey gave a vocal solo accompanied by Lois Russell. A paper on famous musicians, Maud Powell, Schumann-Heink, Julia Culp, Evan Williams, was read by Helen Raymond. Selections by all, except Julia Culp, were given on the victrola.

A piano duet was played by Alice McCarthy and Ione Rice after which, selections were given by the Boys' Glee club.

Paul Melick gave Wallace's Chariot Race from Ben Hur. A sketch of Longfellow's life and readings from his poems were given by Garnet Searle. The readings were illustrated by Jessie Powell taking the part of Evangeline, Sam Martin as Hiawatha in boyhood, Dan McCarthy as Hiawatha in manhood, Lois Russell as Priscilla and Roy Stewart as John Alden. The program closed with a piano solo by Florence Pepper.

---

The A division of the Literary society gave their first program, February 12. This being Abraham Lincoln's birthday, a patriotic program was given, which is as follows:

|                                        |                         |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Song .....                             | By the Glee Club        |
| Oration, "Abraham Lincoln" .....       | Glen Carberry           |
| Recitation, "Our Country's Flag" ..... | Hazel Kintzley          |
| Piano Solo .....                       | Theresa Judge           |
| "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address" .....   | Arthur Heggen           |
| Flag Drill .....                       | Central School Children |
| "America's Patriotic Songs" .....      | Caroline Adams          |
| Minuet .....                           |                         |

Dorothy Bowdish, Will Heater, Gladys Kenley, David Ghrist, Hester Crosby, Dale McCarty, Nellie Guise, Arthur Judge.

The appreciation of the audience was shown by their hearty applause.

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## CLASS REPORTS

### SENIORS

Soon we will leave these halls so dear,

With sighs of regret,

As we recall pleasant events

That we cannot forget;

How we pondered over books

Through four yong years and strived to do our best;

And with jubilant voices we ever shall sing

The triumphs of A. H. S.



A wonder of the day are we  
Numbering fifty-four;  
It is the Seniors who excelled  
In every event before.  
In our lessons and deportment  
And in athletics we take the lead;  
In short, this wondrous class all others does surpass,  
Our aim has been to succeed.

The world may not know what we have learned  
Or the knowledge that we lack,  
But still will we love and respect  
The Orange and the Black.  
When now we wish to make our way  
And the high summit desire to attain,  
We will only have to say, that we belonged  
To A. H. S. 1915.

We will love you as long as the sun may shine  
And as long as the stars are true;  
We will hold dear your memory  
When in the future we are far from you,  
We will shout for your victories as before,  
Love for your name retain;  
May teachers and all, ever hold in esteem  
The class of 1915.

With proper apologies to S. L. T.  
—G. W. W. '15

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### Senior Class Meeting

On Thursday afternoon, February 18, a Senior class meeting was held in the study hall with Principal Caldwell as the presiding officer. The meeting was opened to all for discussion, and this opportunity was taken advantage of by almost everyone.

Some of the leading questions brought up were, selecting a class play, appointing a social committee, selecting class stationery, flower, poem and so forth.

The question of selecting the class play seemed the most important at this time, Paul Melick, Clark Tilden and Glen Carberry were nominated as candidates as business manager of the play; Paul Melick being chosen.

A committee consisting of Prin. Caldwell, Miss Sprague, Paul Melick and the class president, Vearl Heater was decided upon to appoint committees which were to decide on the question before mentioned. The committee to select the class play was to be appointed at once so that work on the play could be started early.

The question of Senior "pep" was also quite freely discussed at this meeting.



### **Junior Party**

As hardtimes are now with us, the Juniors thought it appropriate to have a "hardtime party". At 7:30, Friday, Feb. 26, in the Gym, about fifty Juniors, chaperoned by the High school teachers, came prepared for the occasion which proved to be a success. As the colors of the Junior class are green and white, the Gym was beautifully decorated in these shades.

The entertainment consisted of games, among them being a relay-race, which was won by Mr. Caldwell and Mrs. Giese, serenades and "Poor Pussy" were other games of the evening.

In order to carry out the "hard time" thought a delightful luncheon (?) was served in the early part of the evening. This consisted of "crackers" and "toothpicks" which were very appetizing. After playing several more games, refreshments of sandwiches, pickles, salad and apples were served. The party then came to a close after which we journeyed home to dream of the "good-time" we had had.

---

### **Sophomore Report**

The Sophomores haven't "pulled off" any big social function of late—the reason: We're so studious!

The Audubon society for bird study is being reorganized between the Freshman-Sophomore classes. Miss Taylor had charge last year, and some interesting excursions were made. Mr. Lyman and Mr. Pollard have offered their support this year.

---

### **Freshman**

The Freshman class met in the study hall to discuss "pro" and "con" the many business matters which confronted them. Nothing was accomplished but left for a later date.



# ATHLETIC

The candidates for the team went through a hard practice season before the opening games and have been very faithful in their efforts to put forth a winning team. However, there is a rumor that some of the team are not training as well as they might. The fellows who are on the team owe it to themselves as well as to the school to be more careful in their training.

On the other hand, no team can win without the loyal support of the whole school. We ought to get behind the team a little more and boost if we expect to have a championship team in the future. If a team sees that the school is behind the players, they will play 50 per cent better than they otherwise would. As a rule the basketball fans this year have been good sports. At the Lincoln game however, the crowd was a little unruly and did not show the qualifications of good sports. A little of this was in evidence also at the Ellsworth game. If we are to lose a game, let's be good losers and not "crab" on the side lines. Visiting teams always take home a report of the way the crowd acted and we want Ames High to have a reputation among other schools in this respect.

We have had a fairly successful season this year and the prospects are good for the remainder of the year and for next year.

---

## Nevada at Nevada

Basketball season started out with a rush at the opening game of the season with Nevada high school playing on their floor. A large number expected to journey to the opening contest but on account of bad weather only a few of those who had planned to go arrived in Nevada. On the way over Dwight Briten one of last year's guards and a hard scrappy player, was elected captain of the 1915 team. The contest was a scrappy one. We were a little weak on team work this being our first game of the season, but baskets were easily made and we won in the end. "Davis" featured in basket throwing and all the fellows played a good game. At one time we were in danger of defeat but when the contest closed we had the big end of the score by a comfortable margin, thus giving us the right kind of an ending for the first game of the season.

Referee—Vale of Nevada.

Final score—Ames 21, Nevada 16.



### **Boone at Ames**

This game was a scrappy one from start to finish. Boone evidently came over here with the intent to pay us back for their defeat in football and they sure had to work hard to do it. The first half ended in a tie and the team went back with a determination to win. Luck was against us, however, and when the final whistle blew the score was in Boone's favor. The game was hard fought and Boone deserved the victory they won.

Referee—Linden of I. S. C.

Final score—Boone 24, Ames 19.

---

### **Ellsworth at Ellsworth**

This game was secured on such short notice and accommodations there and back were so poor that it was no wonder our team was defeated. The floor was poor and the team not being used to the low ceiling and cold atmosphere, had much trouble in shooting baskets, also in keeping warm. The game lagged at times but on the whole it was a fair game considering. As the Ellsworth team was accustomed to the floor, the final score was, of course, much in their favor.

Referee—Holmes of I. S. C.

Final score—Ellsworth 33, Ames 19.

---

### **Nevada at Ames**

The Nevada team came over here hoping to redeem their defeat of the two weeks' previous but they were destined to disappointment. The game was rough throughout and hard fought for, although at the end of the first half the teams were tied, a decisive victory was gained by our team by the end of the game. Hard playing was characteristic of the game. Swearingen throwing the largest number of baskets for our bunch. This game ended our schedule with Nevada.

Referee—Linden of I. S. C.

Final score—Ames 21, Nevada 14.

---

### **Eagle Grove at Eagle Grove**

Saturday, the 6th of February, the team journeyed to Eagle Grove and played the fast bunch from that city. Our bunch took a little slump on this trip and were badly beaten by the Eagle Grove team. The team seemed to be unable to withstand the attacks of their opponents and when the final whistle blew Eagle Grove had the game by a considerable margin.

Referee—Eagle Grove man.

Final score—Eagle Grove 39, Ames 13.

---

### **Ellsworth at Ames**

On the 12th of February the Ellsworth team journeyed to Ames to prove that they had a better team than we did and much



was their disappointment to have us romp away with the big end of the score. Although the game was slow at times, it was also fast by spurts, but on account of our bad luck shooting baskets we were unable to pile up a very high score. Our teamwork was especially good, showing much improvement over the first of the season.

Referee—Ellsworth man.

Final score—Ames 30, Ellsworth 22.

---

### Lincoln High School at Ames

On the 19th of February the game that was scheduled with the fast Lincoln bunch, the high school champions of Nebraska, was played here on the college gym floor. We all looked forward to this game with great expectancy and a basketball treat of the season was expected. But the way our team played was far beyond our expectations. They put up the best fight they have this season and much credit is due to them. The Lincoln team was a clean, sporty bunch. Their guarding was great and a system of team work was shown by them that could not be overcome by our fellows. They showed a large knowledge of the game and the right way to play it by their low number of fouls scored against them. The scrubs started the game for us and played a fine game while in, holding them to the low score of 3 to 0 for the first six minutes of play, after which the regulars went in. Our team fought from start to finish, doing their very best, but the Lincoln bunch were too fast for us and they romped away with victory.

Referee—Hubbard of I. S. C.

Final score—Lincoln 20, Ames 6.

---

Forwards—  
Swearingen  
Flauher  
Lerdall  
McCarty  
Hammond

Soper  
Guards—  
Britten (c)  
Quade  
Pammel  
Hoon

Centers—  
W. Ricketts  
Stewart  
Cretsinger  
Carberry

“Bill Davis” played at forward until he graduated at end of semester.

---

### Schedule Complete

Jan. 15—Nevada at Nevada.

Jan. 22—Boone at Ames.

Jan. 23—Ellsworth at Ellsworth.

Jan. 29—Nevada at Ames.

Feb. 6—Eagle Grove at Eagle Grove.

Feb. 12—Ellsworth at Ames.

Feb. 19—Lincoln (Neb.) at Ames.

March 2—Eagle Grove at Ames.



March 6—Boone at Boone.

March 12—Tournament at I. S. C.

March 19—Tournament at I. S. U., if we win in I. S. C. tournament.

---

## EXCHANGE

An exchange department has been carried out by our paper for some time but it has been hard to make it an interesting one. We wish to remedy this but can not do so on account of lack of exchanges. We send out exchanges every month and hope by our next issue that more exchanges will have been received.

---

Among the interesting exchanges for this month is "The Tattler" of West High. It has the finest literary department displayed in any high school paper we have received. It also has a fine joke department.

---

We also received some very interesting papers from "The Bumble 'B'", Boone, Iowa; "The Newtonian", Newton, Iowa; and "The 'W'", West Waterloo. Come again.

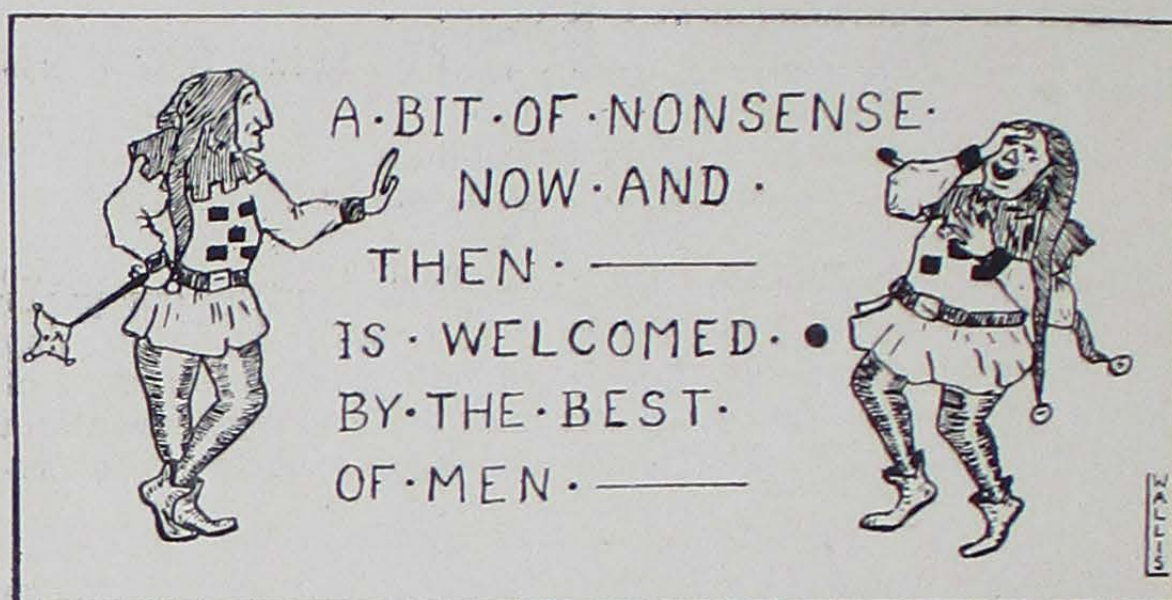
---

Caesar is dead and buried—and so is Cicero,  
And where these two old gents have gone  
I wish their works would go.—Ex.

---

A bright senior was telling of Milton's life and writings: "Milton was married three times, then he wrote, 'Paradise Lost'. Later his wife died, then he wrote, 'Paradise Regained.'"





### Chemistry Experiment

Potassium iodide plus sulphur under pressure gives an interesting experiment as follows:  $ki + S_2 = \text{kiss}$ . The experiment is dangerous as the above result may not always be attained but, instead, the reaction may be violent. This experiment should be attempted only in the absence of light when few (preferably two) are present.

The history teacher and her pupils disagree about the proper time for refreshments.

You may try to reach the limit by being good; you may try to reach the limit by being bad, but you can never get there.—Mr. Caldwell.

Two cross-eyed girls were coming down the street riding bicycles at a high rate of speed. They ran right into each other, smash-to-bang. Oh, what a sight. They were torn and bruised and very dusty. On getting up half-crying, one girl exclaimed, "Why don't you look where you are going?" The other angrily replied, "Why don't you go where you look?"

On the study hall board: Lost! Please return to the office Tom Sloss. Large reward.

"Micky" C. "What are you up in the air for, Stewart?"  
Stewart. "Come off with that tall stuff."

In penmanship drill: "Muscular movement, everybody. Each one count out loud to himself."

Ralph S. "I can make an uglier face than you can."

Bessie Cretsinger. "Well, I haven't as much to begin with as you have."



### An Educator

"In learning," proudly said the birch,

"I once played a part;

Whenever little boys were dull,

Why, I could make them smart."

---

Miss Bray in English 6. "Why, Tom! I can remember when I was in the first grade."

Tom Sloss. "Oh what long memory."

---

Charles Judge:

"It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch

Even though they don't amount to much."

---

Cecil H. "Miss Ford, how old are you?"

Miss Ford. "Not quite as old as Methuselah."

---

What has become of Prin. Caldwell's trip?

---

The boy stood on a burning deck

His head was in a whirl,

His mouth was full of auburn hair

His arms were full of girl.

---

If the devil were to lose his tail, where would he go to get a new one put on? To the Boone grog-shop, where the worst of spirits are re-tailed.

---

All requests for leave of absence owing to funerals, weddings, lamebacks, house cleaning, sore throat, headache, indigestion, and so forth, must be in not later than 10 a. m. the day of the game.

---

"When the rain falls does it ever rise again?" asked the Chem. Prof.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why, in dew time."

"That will do."—Ex.

---

For beauty I am not a star,

There are others more handsome by far,

But my face, I don't mind it,

For I am behind it—

It's the people in front that it jars.

---

Prof. Moses, when asked what resembled a half cheese, answered: "The other half."



Smithy, in German 4. "There was an old mill which Fred-  
rich often disturbed."

---

Mr. Caldwell in Geom. II.: "Why, my wife's the best cook  
there ever was. That's why I'm so fat!"

---

Freshman Boys:

One beautiful spring morning  
When the sun was shining bright,  
We started to old high school,  
Feeling gay and right.

But when upon arriving,  
We meet our dreaded fate,  
The old stuck up Soph's a flirtin',  
Oh! they are the ones we hate.

Calm Seniors Reply:

Now don't be so quick spoken,  
But keep yourself real cool,  
And when you get to be a Soph,  
You can talk to the girls too.

---

The parlor sofa holds the twain,  
Ila and her love-sick "Swain."

He and she  
But, hark! a step upon the stair  
And mamma finds them sitting there.  
He                      and                      she

---

Jack: "Dot, can you do the 'Swallow Dip?' "

Dot: "No, how do you do it?"

Jack: "Take four steps backwards, side step one, whirl four  
times."

Dot: "Then what?"

Jack: "Swallow."

---

Wouldn't it be sad if:

Coffey didn't kick anyone out of the library?

Mr. Hicks went to the Princess?

Cora Sims got canned?

Mr. Caldwell should make any announcements?

"Hick" Ricketts were without a steady job?

You'd see Wilson at work?

Dale Mac got 94 in A History?

"Dug" tried to bluff the teachers?

Pollard didn't give some coy glances in music period?

Willian Fish should get fat?



Sal got an average of 75?  
Pete ever got fussed?  
Joe Anderson didn't have a grin?  
Cora Willey didn't have enough to do?  
"Smithy" should come to school to work?  
The High School should get any "Pep?"  
If Bill Ricketts got to school on time.

---

History 5. Miss Sprague discussing Washington's public life: "Commander-in-chief of the army and carried them through the Revolution."

---

Bernice Ricketts appeared at school late one morning (cause, got up too late) expecting to make a report on "Sleeping in the open air and its benefits."

---

### **A Few Definations**

Translation—A wrestling match between two languages, in which the student acts as timekeeper and the teacher as referee.

Study Period—A 45 minute nap.

Office Slip—A deadly form of a germ found on the afflicted one's desk at 8:15. This disease is much more dealy than the sleeping sickness.

Office—Easiest place to go.

German Classic—A small dime novel written in Deutsch and costing six times its value.

Wind—Air taking physical culture.

Adjective—Applied to some people.

Report Card—A form of insomnia.

Tables—What the Phys. teacher says you mustn't sit on.

Roller Skates—A special type of Ford.

Sidewalk—A flat surface when you are straight, a curved surface when you are stewed, and an unlimited surface when covered with ice.—V. M.

---

Mr. Lyman. "What is meant by confisticated, Everet?"

Mick C. "Don't you know?"

---

### **When the Ice Cracked**

Miss Coffey. "Oh, Clifford, somebody's got me."



## GOOD ADVICE

My Dear Miss Fairfax: I am small but am awfully skinny for my height. Do you think it would be wise for me to diet?—Dorothy Summers.

Dorothy Summers: Sleep more, do not diet. Silence will help you greatly. If not more than twenty-two you can expect an increase in height.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: We would like to buy out the Princess as we attend most every night, but we hesitate as we are still in school. We think it would be cheaper to buy.—Dale McCarty, Lester Swearingen.

Dale and Lester: You are quite right; you have a keen business sense. I would also advise your buying the Princess. You had better hurry for someone may see this letter and try to profit by your great discovery. I would advise you to watch the following, that they may not beat you out: Mr. Bernice Ricketts, Baily Waltmire, Glenn Carberry and Charles Snyder.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have fallen in love; will you kindly tell me how to get out again?—Tom Sloss.

Thomas Sloss: Ask for a sample of the young lady's cooking.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am thinking of going on the stage. I am thirteen years old; do you think I am too young? If so advise me how to make a living.—Joe Anderson.

Joe: If you think you would like the stage you might try out in the comic vaudeville. Otherwise I would remain in high school.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am sure I will graduate in two years. Shall I go to college or take the "Post Graduate" course?—"Dug" Waitley.

"Dug": I think you had better go to Nevada and take an examination—to teach.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have an awful time with the giggles. I have tried all kinds of remedies. Knowing that you have helped others, I plead with you to tell me if you think chloroform would do any good.—Hester Crosby.

Hester: I do not think chloroform could do in your case, because unless you took a large amount the relief would only be temporary. Concentrate your mind on your studies and perhaps you will forget to giggle.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with the sweetest girl in the world. I just can't live without her; I will surely commit some desperate deed if she doesn't accept me immediately. She



is so very fine that words can't express my love for her. She can cook biscuits that would do for the German siege guns, and her pies are beyond all hopes. The bread she makes would do for building blocks, and the cookies for clay pigeons. Oh! won't you tell me how I can get her?—Ralph Scofield.

Ralph: Go ask her father; I am sure he would be glad to give her to you on any terms. He will no doubt help persuade the **dear** girl to help you in your work as a baker. I am sure you are an ambitious young man and will success in this life.—if you win her.

---

Dear Miss Fairfax: How can we make our class a success?—The Senior Family.

Senior Family: Get together, plan some social stunts. Everyone back them with his presence and financially. Work as a body not as separate people. Back the paper, help its literary section. Get some real life in your class. After you have these things the other things will come to you as you need them.





### English as It Is Sometimes "Wrote"

A mischievous boy in Gilead, Ohio, threw a stone and hit Mr. Jonadah Perkins in the alleyway last Tuesday.

While Miss Pearl Kinsmore, of East Wind, Ind., was coming down stairs Tuesday, she slipped and bruised herself on the landing.

Amos Mittlesby of Piketown, Kan., while harnessing a fractious horse, was kicked just south of the corn crib. He is able to be out again.

Mrs. H. T. Binnock of Woolsport, Wis., let a can opener slip Monday and cut herself badly in the kitchen.

While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Gooph home from a church sociable Sat. night a savage dog set upon them and bit Mr. Green four times in the public square.

Joseph Tutt of Grinnelesburg, Iowa, climbed on the roof of his house last week to find a leak and slipped and fell, striking upon his back porch and causing serious injuries.

Isiah Trimmer, of Dolbury, Neb., was playing with a pet cat Friday, when the animal scratched him on the veranda.

—Exchange.



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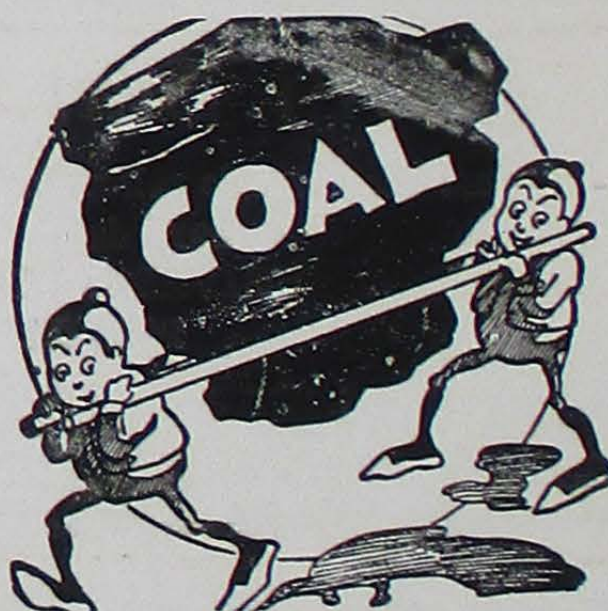
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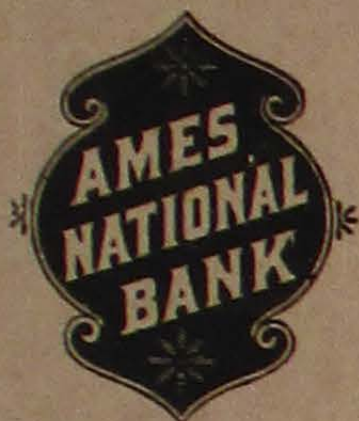












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---

# THE FAIR



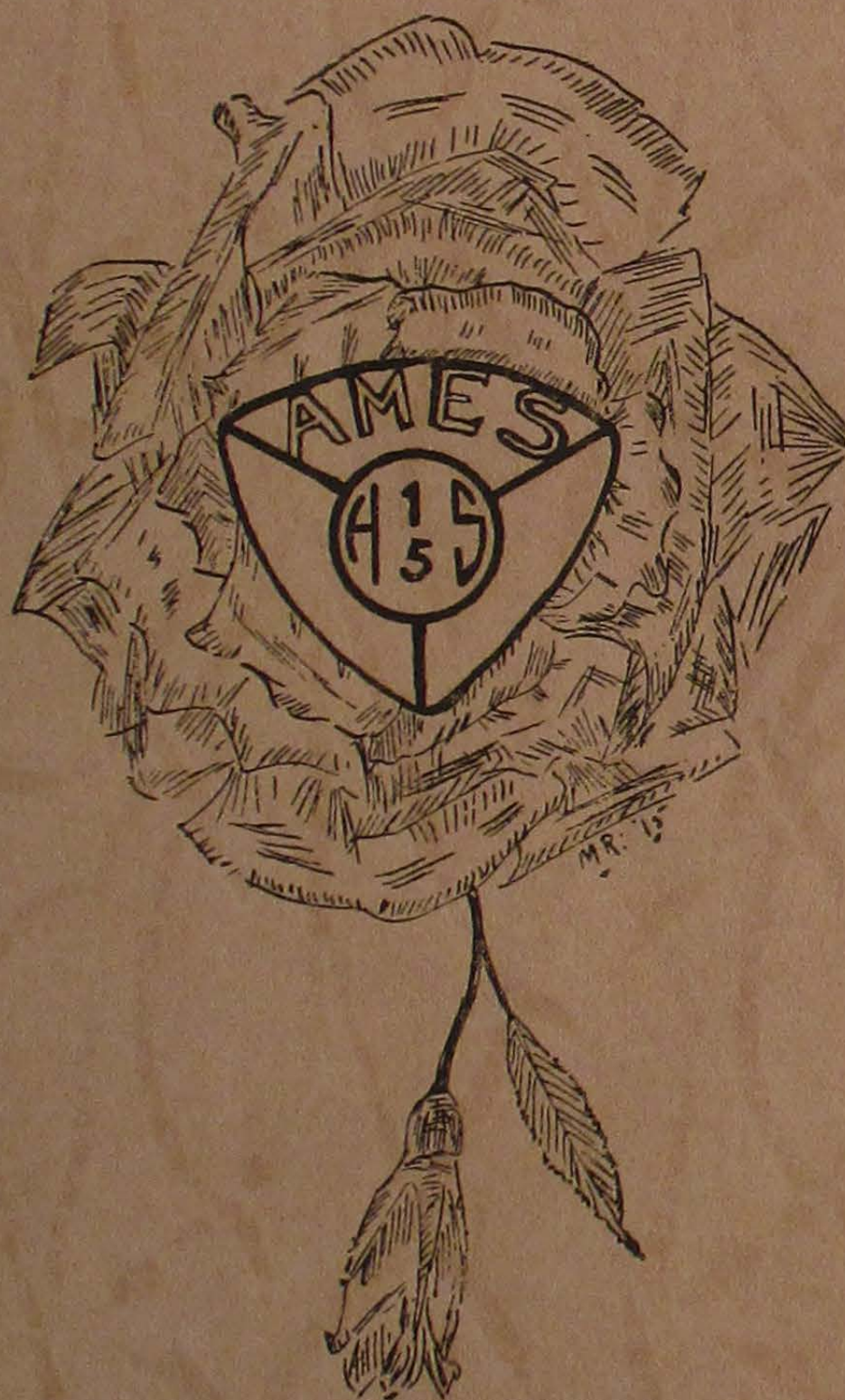








# THE SPIRIT



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The "Spirit" Staff



# THE SPIRIT

Vol. 4

JUNE, 1915

No. 4

Published Four Times a Year by Students in the Interests of Ames,  
Iowa, High School

## EDITORIAL STAFF

|                            |   |   |   |   |   |   |                 |
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## EDITORIAL

The Spirit staff wishes to hereby express our appreciation of the loyal support of the faculty and members of the high school, in our endeavors to make this annual a success.



Read your own Spirit and not your neighbors.



Boost for Old Ames High!





Miss Ida E. Boyd



## Dedication

TO Miss Ida E. Boyd in appreciation of her friendship and interests taken in all high school activities, we the class of 1915 respectfully dedicate the "Spirit Annual." . . . .







# Faculty Ames High School

## Top Row:

WARREN E. POLLARD—Music  
GRACE MCILRATH—Mathematics and History  
EDNA MCINTOSH—English  
W. E. LYMAN—Science and Athletics

## Second Row:

IDA E. BOYD—Shorthand and Typewriting  
MARY COFFEY—Physics and Chemistry  
ESTELLE BRAY—English

## Third Row:

BEULAH CRAWFORD—German  
A. F. CALDWELL—Principal  
F. W. HICKS—Superintendent  
MILDRED SPRAGUE—Latin.

## Fourth Row:

GRACE CURTIS—Commercial  
ETHEL R. FORD—English  
SARAH CLARK—Mathematics

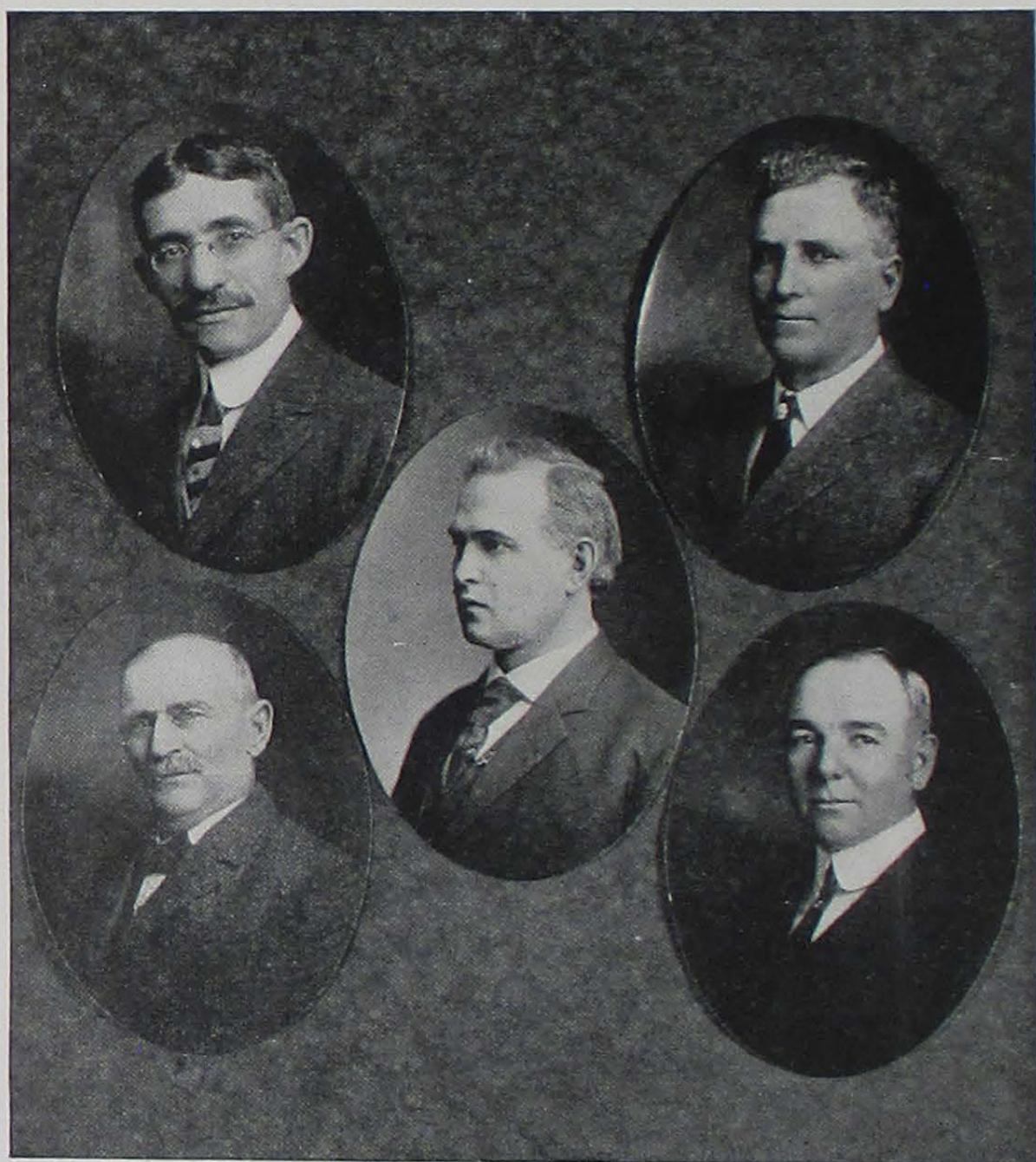
## Bottom Row:

HENRY GIESE—Manual Training  
ADA SPRAGUE—History  
MABEL ADAMS—Home Economics  
S. H. DADISMAN—Agriculture

## Not in Picture:

LENA LIVINGSTONE—Physical Training





## Board of Education

E. W. VALENTINE, President

E. H. GRAVES

W. H. MEEKER

G. E. FARNUM

L. C. TILDEN





The Class of 1915 When They Were in the Third Grade



## Class '15



VEARL HEATER

Football. Track. Vice-President. "Chick."  
"Shark in History and co-education."



JESSIE POWELL

Senior Class Play.  
"He that will give most shall have her first."



OLE FATLAND

Senior Class Play. Track. "Fat."  
"A brave lad wearing a manly brow,  
Knit with problems of grave dispute."



MERYL RUTHERFORD

Senior Class Play.  
"She smiles because she can't help it."



GLEN WILSON

"Stormy."  
"I am not overly ambitious, but still I think I  
would make a good President."



## ARTHUR HEGGEN

"Art."

"Some men were born for great things."



## RUTH KELLEY

"Blest with plain reason and sober sense."



## BERNIS MELTZER

"A." Football. "Ponce."

"A man is never too old to learn."



## ELIZABETH KOOSER

Senior Class Play. "Betty."

"Doesn't mind the weather ;

In fact likes the 'Stormy' the best."



## CHARLES JUDGE

"Chas."

"Oh! wise young Judge, how I do honor thee."







ANNA THON

Class Reporter.  
 "With much to praise, but little to be forgiven."



HAZEL MCQUILLIN

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."



HAROLD CULP

"Culp."  
 "He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad."



ELLA CLARK

"Pete."  
 "God bless thee and put meekness in thy mind;  
 love, charity, obedience, and true duty."



VERNE MOSES

"Mosey."  
 "A true, strong, sound mind is the mind that can  
 embrace equally great and 'Tiny' things."



## WALTER HARRIMAN

Football. "A." "Doc."  
"When rogues fall out honest men get their own."

## CORA SCOTT

"A kindly quiet spirit where malice finds no home."

## BAILY WALTMIRE

Athletic Reporter. Senior Class Play. Y. M.  
C. A. "Busty."  
"Bid me discourse, and I will tell you all."

## FLORENCE SCOTT

"Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made"

## LEO SCOTT

"A youth there was of quiet ways."







PAUL MELICK

Track. Senior Class Play. Y. M. C. A.  
"Ambition has no rest."



EDITH SUTTER

"Tiny"  
"Small, but, Oh! (Moses)."



JOHN REDDITT

Y. M. C. A. "Redditt."  
"Let the morrow take care of itself."



REBA EDWARDS

"A bundle of reliability  
A great heap of all right."



BYRON GRIFFITH

"Deak."  
"By diligence he wins his way."



## HAZEL JOHNSON

Senior Class Play.  
"A steady, conscientious and thoughtful worker."



## GEORGE OLSAN

"Ole."  
"His heart and hand both open and both free."



## ALMA MARTIN

"Bud."  
"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



## LONEY RAYNES

"I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes."



## MILDRED DODDS

"Pete."  
"The force of her own merit makes her way."







CLARK TILDEN

Senior Class Play. "Tillie."  
 "Not afraid of work but not in sympathy with it."



CORA WILLEY

Senior Class Play. Editor-in-Chief of "Spirit."  
 "Billy."  
 "Tho' I am young, I scorn to flit  
 On the wings of borrowed wit."



WALTER JUDGE

Senior Class Play. "Red."  
 "In spite of all the learned have said, I still my  
 own opinions keep."



HAZEL DAVIS

"Modest yet resolute."



ALBERT HUSTED

Senior Class Play. "Bert." Track.  
 "A steady studious follow."



## JOSEPH CARR

Y. M. C. A. "Boxcar." "Jocar."  
"Demosthenes is dead: Cicero is dead and I am  
not feeling very well myself."

## WILLIEN FISH

"Willie."  
"Music hath its charms and so does she."

## BERNICE RICKETTS

Football. Basketball. "A." "Hick."  
"His form was ponderous, his step slow  
There never was so wise a man I know."

## NAOMI GRAY

"Could I love her I should be happier now."

## CHARLES SNYDER

"Chas."  
"I am bashful, but I cannot help it."







NETA SNOOK

"Snookie."  
"I love a youth, Oh! what bliss."



GLEN CARBERRY

Basketball. Track. Football. "A." "Car."  
"A big bunch of foolishness—but better a witty  
fool than a foolish wit."



RHEA MCDOWELL

"An open-hearted maiden, good and true."



LEONARD JACOBSEN

Senior Class Play. "Ping."  
"There may be greater men than I, but I don't  
believe it."



DOROTHY SUMMERS

"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."



## JUDSON ZENTMIRE

Assistant Business Manager of "Spirit." Football. "A." Y. M. C. A. "Judd."  
"Especially interested in American History, for that is the history of the Carolin(e)as and the Adams(es)."

## HAZEL McCANNON

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

## VANCE McCRAY

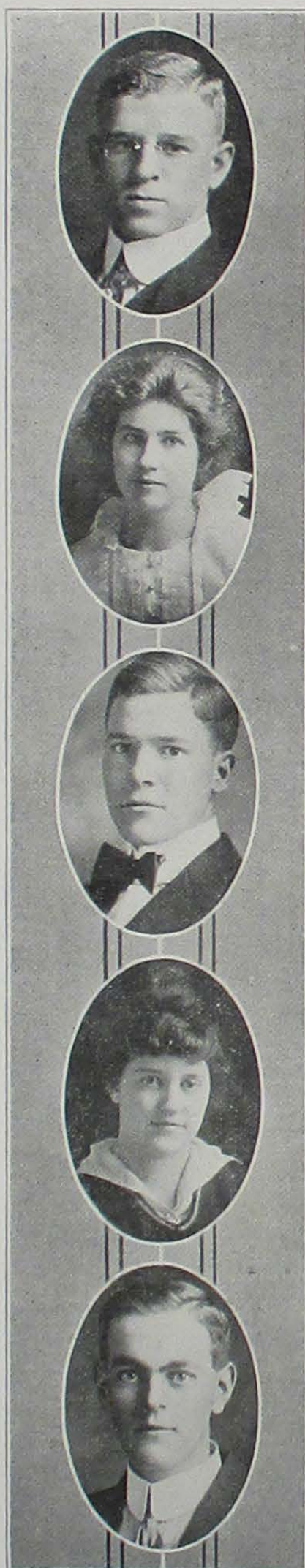
"Those, so young, so wise, do never live so long."

## BESSIE CRETSINGER

"Cret."  
"A nature so modest and so rare,  
You hardly at first see the strength that is there."

## GEDDES NILES

Y. M. C. A.  
"An honest man is the noblest work of God."







GARNET SEARLE

Senior Class Play.  
 "Her mind a maxim plain, yet keenly shrewd."



RALPH SCOFIELD

"Dolly."  
 "Were I the wearer of Antonious beard I would  
 not shave today."



CORA SIMS

"Her life is like a snowflake—it leaves a mark,  
 but not a stain."



CHARLES McGRATH

"Mac."  
 "Shark—nuf sed."



MILDRED HUSTON

"Her heart is as far from fraud as heaven from  
 earth."



SEVERT MATHRE

"Mystery veils his past."

ELLA MELLOR

"A brilliant mind  
A manner kind  
A gentle quiet spirit."

WILL DAVIS

Football. "A." Class President '15. "Bill."  
"Two things my heart desires—athletics and girls."



DONALD FRASCHE

"He has a face like a benediction."



# Seniors! Seniors! Seniors!

Lend me your ears,  
I come to announce a "Kid" party, not to denounce it.  
The evil of the last, lives after it,  
The good is yet to come.  
So let it be with this one. The committee  
Hath said, all should be dressed as "Kids"  
If they are not so, it would a grievous fault.  
And they shall not be admitted.  
Here, under leave of the president, and the rest,  
For the president is an honorable man,  
So are they all, all honorable men,  
Come I to invite the teachers all—  
But bear with me, my heart is with the party there to come.  
And I must pause till the night of March 19.

This notice, which appeared on the bulletin board, on the first floor, provoked a smile from more than one Senior, but those who went to the party, the expression on their face was more than a smile.

The children assembled in the High School Gymnasium, which was decorated to represent a nursery, using the Senior colors and pictures. The girls brought their dolls, doll carriages and teddy bears and the boys, their whistles and rubber balls. Many quarrels and scraps were involved in but no one was seriously injured except a few dolls.

The greater share of the evening was spent playing familiar games such as: "London Bridge," "Cat and Rat," "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Lads and Lassies."

The music for the evening was furnished by the High School phonograph and Vearl Heater's tinwhistle.

The boys and girls were pleasantly surprised, about half past nine, by a short visit from two Senior boys who thought they could not lose their "Dignity" by dressing as "Kids."

The refreshments, which consisted of cake, ice cream and stick candy, the latter two, were in Senior colors, made a great hit, especially in the way they were served. The handles of the spoons were bent "baby fashion" and the napkins cut in the shape of bibs.

After refreshments, to the girls' and boys' great delight, they had their "picture took." There were petty quarrels as to who should hold the dolls, but all was settled satisfactorily and the pictures were fine.

Everyone departed at an early hour all hoping for another Senior party soon.



# The Senior History

It was a bright, sunny morning, September 1, 1911. Our hearts were fluttering and at times they almost choked us. Why? Don't you know? We were about to undergo the stares and remarks of the upper classmen, who had gathered about the High school to watch the Freshmen go marching by.

Yes, we were Freshmen and a mighty class were we, numbering one hundred and eight. We wandered about the halls and classrooms, making mistakes 'tis true, however, we soon conquered our fears and buckled down to work. Following the example of the "Seniors," we elected our officers. Hon. Judson Zentmire was chosen president of the illustrious class.

Because of the trials and troubles suffered at the hands of the upper classmen and the vision of an early vacation, prompted the class to set the date for our first social gathering, for the last Friday before the Christmas vacation. Leta and Iva Sylvester proved beyond doubt their ability as first class hostesses. Decorations of yellow and white, the class colors, were abundant and beautiful. A very amusing and interesting program of considerable length was rendered by members of our famous class. This was the first of the many successful parties given by the class.

Two of our best musicians, Meryl Rutherford and Baily Waltmire added to the splendor of the High School Orchestra. "Bill" Davis made the class and himself famous. He was and is considered one of the best High School football players in the state. Another famous member is Clark Tilden, star reporter, representing the Freshman class in the paper of world-wide renown, the "Spirit."

We had the pleasure of beginning our Sophomore studies in the new building and during this year we placed three men on the football team, Meltzer, Ricketts and Zentmire. Cora Willey was chosen president of the Neotrophian Literary society, organized by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. "Bill" returned to us after a year's stay in Detroit, Mich. Thus endeth the year of '12-'13.

Juniors! Magic word! No longer do we step aside for anyone, not even the Seniors. Taking the lead in the New Dramatic class, we furnished the three greatest High School actors that ever faced the footlights, Hazel Johnson, Cora Willey, and the famous comedian, Harold Culp, who took part in the wonderful play, "The Rose 'o Plymouthtown." It fell to this magnificent class to furnish the basketball captain, "Bill" Davis. Cora Willey had been re-elected to lead the class for the second time.

Our "Reception" for the passing of the class of '14 was a grand success. Held in the High School Gym. An interesting



program was rendered by our group of actors and readers. Late in the evening, a delicious supper was served. Loney Raynes the noted photographer, took flashlight pictures of the gathering. Several of our members took part in the "Nautical Knot," an operetta given by the High School Chorus.

A merry throng gathered at the first meeting of the class as Seniors, this year. With due consideration and deep thought, we chose "Bill" Davis to lead the class on the last lap, in the race for diplomas. Our first great success in the social life as Seniors, took place in the High School Gym, December 18, 1914. People talked for weeks about the "Senior Pep" and the loyal way in which they appeared at the party. Since the first party was such a bright star in the "Senior Crown," we tried again and as a result, the celebrated "Kid Party" on March 19, 1915. Pictures were circulated as proof of the childish simplicity of the Seniors class.

Three graduates, "Bill" Davis, Joe Carr and Ponce Meltzer graduated at Christmas. Meltzer received his appointment to West Point, where no doubt we shall hear of his fame as a soldier boy. Vearl Heater assumed the duties of the late President Davis and he has shown remarkable talent as a leader. We, the Senior Class of Ames High, claim the most popular boy and girl in the High School, "Bill" Davis and Cora Willey.

Members have joined our class and some of our old classmates have left us. The mighty class approaches the final review, knowing that its members are worthy, made so by the excellent Faculty, whose untiring efforts have made it possible for the best, strongest and happiest class to graduate from the best High School in the best state, in the best country in the world—Old Ames High.

M. D. and G. W. W.



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF AMES HIGH SCHOOL

Know all men by these presents:

We, the Senior Class of the Ames High School, being of sound mind and memory and of body not quite so sound, because of the many nerve-racking hardships we have endured, being mindful of the fact that we are soon to leave these pleasant surroundings for a life of trials, tribulations, matrimony and soothing syrup, to take up those arduous duties and responsibilities of which we have heard so much in assembly speeches, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

To Mr. Hicks, for his belief in Ames High, in the young men and young women of Ames High, in the progress and future of Ames High, and in the institution in general, also for his disbelief and antagonism toward use and users of tobacco in any form whatsoever, we bequeath, our special approval of his attitude toward this.

To Mr. Caldwell, for his strict adherence to discipline and zealous enforcement of same and for his flowing oratory in assembly, we bequeath:

First, the absolute and undisputed right and privilege of making suggestions, rules and judging the veracity of tardy and absent pupils.

Second, the power to put under arrest any student caught trying to cut assembly in order to go down town.

Third, a special appropriation for a bottle of "High Grade" hair restorer.

To Miss M. Sprague, for selection and coaching of highly classical class plays, the management of the French Royal Opera, in the Metropolis of Kelley.

To Miss A. Sprague, for her superior historical and geographical knowledge, we bequeath, all our stubs of colored crayon for the purpose of drawing a new map of the East, at the close of the present European War.

To Mr. Henry Guise, a barrel of glue, and all the slim sticks, waste paper, and strings we can procure for the construction of kites.

To Miss McIlrath, for her great animosity toward gum chewing, three boxes of Spearmint already chewed.

To Miss McIntosh, an invitation to all Senior Class functions.

To Miss Coffey, authority to enforce order and candy eating in Phys. lab.

To Mr. Lyman, permission to write to all the teachers this summer.

To Miss Boyd, the good will of the class.



To Miss Crawford, a supply of red, green, and blue pencils for use in incorrect "Deutsch" papers.

To Miss Bray, the privilege of disagreeing with the author on all occasions.

To Mr. Pollard, directorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

To Mr. Dadisman, A correspondence course in agriculture.

To Miss Clark, exclusive privilege of serving refreshments in class.

To Miss Ford, an improved squawker for announcing her approach.

To Marie Moreland, one period each day for musical conversation with the other occupant of Professor Hicks' office.

To the Faculty in general, we give full and unrestricted privileges to ever sing our praises to our followers and to point to us as the most worthy examples of excellence and achievement.

To the Juniors, a free dose of nerve medicine to enable them to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

To the Sophomores, our affability and politeness to fellow students and teachers.

To the Freshmen, our refined manners in the Study Hall and Assembly.

To Roy Stewart, unlimited time in which to return Jessie Brook's date.

Inez Cretsinger, a supply of heart balm to last until the return of the students in September.

Dorothy Bowdish, permission to receive letters from Keokuk, as long as "Zeb" is there.

Lois Russell, and Gladys Kenley, some flesh reducer.

Helen and Winifred Raymond, first choice of the young men in the Junior class.

Smith, Van Duzer, Britten, McNeil, McCarthy, one more year to finish High School.

Lester Swearingen, opportunity to appear as tight rope walker at the Princess when no other entertainment can be obtained.

Gladys Ricketts, permission to voice her opinion on all occasions.

Leslie Flauher, privilege to think of some one besides Leslie.

Pete Pammel, for paying his dues so willingly for our entertainment this year, we refund to him the dues paid the last two years.

David Ghrist, instructions in etiquette.

Alma Martin, having graduated from the School of Scandalization, delivers her private tutor to Lura Gamble.



Pearl Apland, James Likely, Howard Hougland, Phyllis Summers and Ernest Risley, instructions in fussing.

Mildred Minkler, better grades, due to the absence of Clarence Smith, next year.

Leah Baker and Wallace Longworth, Three in One oil for voice lubrication.

Arthur Judge, presidency of National Board of Censorship.

Dale Pierce, a date with Marie Pettit and Margaret Lysinger.

Ila Wilcox, the honor of being a consistent fusser.

Because of the special confidence in the Board of Education and believing especially in their ability to give each beneficiary only what is due him and at the same time make said beneficiary believe he is getting the best end of the bargain, we hereby name said Board of Education as executors.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1915.

By J. R.

Witnesses: Jack Johnson and Jess Williard.



# Ames High School Commencement Program

|                          |       |                                                         |
|--------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| Friday Evening, May 14   | - - - | Senior Class Play<br>"Maid Marian"                      |
| Saturday Evening, May 15 | -     | Junior Reception to Seniors                             |
| Friday Evening, May 28   | - - - | Class Day Program                                       |
| Sunday Evening, May 30   | - - - | Annual Class Sermon<br>Rev. Howard W. Johnston          |
| Friday Evening, June 4   | - - - | Commencement Program<br>Address by William Craig Wilcox |



## Class Day Program

### High School Orchestra

|                |                       |                                          |
|----------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Address        | - - - - -             | Vearl Heater                             |
| Class History  | - - - - -             | Glen Wilson                              |
| Solo           | - - - - -             | Cora Willey                              |
| Class Will     | - - - - -             | Arthur Heggen                            |
|                | By John Redditt       |                                          |
| Music          | - - - - -             | Senior Quartet                           |
| Class Gifts    | -                     | Walter Judge, Alma Martin, Rhea McDowell |
|                | High School Orchestra |                                          |
| Class Prophecy | - - - - -             | Garnet Searle                            |
| Class Song     | - - - - -             | Written by REBA EDWARDS                  |





## Senior Class Play

### "MAID MARIAN"

Under direction of Miss Mildred Sprague, High School Auditorium, Friday evening, May 14, 1915.

#### Cast

|                                                |                  |
|------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Patrick O'Gorman .....                         | Walter Judge     |
| Mr. Lancelot, musical composer .....           | Paul Melick      |
| Mr. Peter, a business man, his friend.....     | Ole Fatland      |
| Rev. Samuel Smedge, a vicar .....              | Clark Tilden     |
| Herr Brahmson, music publisher .....           | Albert Husted    |
| Lord Valentine Foxwell, a young dandy .....    | Baily Waltmire   |
| Mrs. Leadbatter, a boarding-house keeper ..... | Garnet Searle    |
| Rosie Leadbatter, her daughter .....           | Elizabeth Kooser |
| Mary Ann, "Marian".....                        | Meryl Rutherford |
| Lady Chelmer, a poor peeress .....             | Hazel Johnson    |
| Caroline, Countess of Foxwell .....            | Jessie Powell    |
| Lady Gladys Foxwell.....                       | Cora Willey      |
| Hon. Rowena Fitzgurge.....                     | Rhea McDowell    |
| Howard, footman .....                          | Leonard Jacobson |
| Dicky, the canary .....                        | "Himself"        |

A modern drama.

Time—Present

Scene—London.

Act. I.—Reception hall in Mrs. Leadbatter's boarding house. Time, 11:30 p. m.

Act. II.—Lancelot's bed-sitting room. Time, 5:00 p. m. (A month elapses between Acts I and II.)

Act III.—Same as Act II. Time 7:00 p. m. (A week elapses.)

Act. IV.—Drawing room of Vine Hall. Time 8:00 p. m. (Five years have elapsed.)

Music by High School orchestra under direction of Mr. Pollard.  
Business Manager—Glen Carberry.



## Senior Class Song, '15

Tune: "California and You."

Just four happy years ago,  
We were freshmen, you all know,  
Now Commencement is at hand  
And we're Seniors, fine and grand.  
To be through we're very glad,  
Still we're just a little sad,  
As we gather once again  
And sing to you our farewell strain.

### CHORUS

Ames High forever, is our slogan and our cry,  
May the records we've made  
Never perish or fade,  
May our loyalty and fervor ne'er die;  
And may we ever remember  
True Alumni to be.  
So three cheer for Ames High School  
And then it's good-bye to thee.

Fifteens cannot be forgot  
For the honor they have brought  
In dramatics, football and track  
Ever for the orange and the black  
At home or across the sea  
Our hearts will ever turn to thee  
As we're thinking just once more  
Of those happy days of yore.

*Chorus—*

—REBA EDWARDS, '15.





# PRISON RECORD



WILLIE FEARNOT HARRIMAN—alias Doc: Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders. Doc was at one time paroled, but he loved our prison so well that he returned. He is as hard a working convict as we have in prison. He would rather put up fences than loaf. Good faithful prisoner. Served four years.



GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SEARLE: Height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 142 lbs. Plump, wears a number 5½ shoe. Curly hair (brown), blue eyes. Is a little fleshy. We have tried to keep her away from the twins because they make her walk to and from the Prisons and we are afraid it will ruin her frail health. A good convict. Served four years.



GUSTY WINDY OLSON—alias OLE: Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 139; hair, a little reddish tint; eyes, of greenish tint; freckles. He is quite popular among the ladies, as his father owns a florist shop and he is continually bestowing his flowers on the girls. He is quite fussy and never thinks of appearing in public without first pressing his trousers and shining his shoes. He seems to have the impression that he is the inventor of electricity and the most noted physicist in the land; for this reason it was thought best to lock him up.



RATTLE HEADED SCOFIELD: Height 4 ft. 11½ in. White hair and face—hasn't begun to shave. Rather conspicuous nose. This child—for he is a mere child—is perhaps the fussiest of all prisoners. His complexion is remarkable as are his original jokes. He was never known to appear before ladies without having been previously groomed to perfection.



LIVELY JOYOUS SCOTT: Height 6 ft. Brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. He is rather bashful, which is accounted for by his having lived his entire previous life in the wilds. He was imprisoned—so the records show—for hunting jack rabbits with a steam engine. He has only been here a few months and will soon be released.



JERRY HARD-LOOKER CARR—alias "JOKER": This young man is 5 ft. 8 in. tall; weighs 160 lbs.; has black hair, black eyes, long arms, big feet and a very prominent forehead. He was conditionally released at Christmas and will receive his pardon this June. His chief occupation is gazing into a mirror.



HOPPING ALWAYS DAVIS—alias "HAZEL-NUT": This young damsel is about 5 ft. 4 in. tall; weighs 150½ lbs., has light hair,



small feet, green eyes and knows how to milk. She has never been paroled before. She will get her pardon this June and she will have the undivided regards of the entire Prison board.



MISPLACED FLUZZY RUTHERFORD: Height 5 ft. 1 in., brown eyes and hair—of woolly nature. Miss Rutherford is quite well known as she has recently been engaged in teaching fancy steps and the latest dances. "Student" is her special by-word and this we think explains it all.



DESPERADO SUMMERS: Height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, blue eyes, weight 90 lbs., avoirdupois. You will always recognize this prisoner as she wears the characteristic prison stripes. She is of a very sleepy disposition and to overcome this she combs her hair back tight enough to keep her eyes open. She has served five years owing to her unruly disposition, but since Miss Ada Sprague has become connected with the prison she has greatly improved.



WALRUS RIB FISH: 5 ft. 8 in., almost 90 lbs. inclined to be plump. 18 in. waist measure. Curly brown hair, sometimes. This fair young lady runs a flour-mill; this will account for her looking so pale because she has to be in and around the flour so much. Thinking of being superintendent of Orphans' Home when time is out in June.



BUZZING BEE CRETSINGER: 5 ft. 9 in. tall. Weight 114 lbs. Number 5 49/50 shoes. She is noted for being crabby. She is in love with the prison. . She says "I love the cows and chickens but this is the life." We had to call her down several times for talking but she's a good one. Served four years.



BED MATTRESS RICKETTS—alias "HICK": 5 ft. 11 in. tall, inclined to be fleshy, at least 19 years old, brown hair, combs it pompadour. Number 8 shoes. Weight 199½ lbs. Here is a vicious character. Beware!. He was paroled once in his second year for half year. But finally returned. He is very studious. He would much rather work Geometry than on the rock-pile. Has been with us four and a half years.



WELL BROUGHT-UP WALTMIRE—alias "BUSTY": 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, number 10 shoe, weight 135 lbs. Oodles of freckles, weakness for red hair. Would like to go fussing but never seems to step out. Served four years. One bad fault or habit with "Busty" is that he gets peeved at nothing.



JERKEY NERVOUS POWELL: Height 5 ft. 4 in. Weighs 101 lbs. Has black kinky hair and brown eyes. Is a dainty little lass. The only trouble we had with her was she was always talking and teasing the convicts. In case she would break the rules of the prison after her time is out, the place to look for her will be on the front row of the Princess Theatre. Served four years.



NUISANCE MUMBLING GRAY: Height 5 ft. 13/4 in., weighs 100 lbs. She is of a fairy kind, brown hair, and sky blue eyes. She is somewhat of a flirt. Chief occupation is chewing gum. She has had a good record while here. When asked what she was going to do when her time was up, she told us she was going to take "the home seekers" course at the college. Served four years.



REDEEMING EDWARDS: Height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 145 lbs. Curly auburn hair, yellow green eyes, inclined to be skinny. Noted for using slang. But has a good record in this prison. Her time will be out in June. We are looking for a good job for her but she says she wants to take in washings as she has a big family and husband to keep. If any one wants a good hardworking wash woman send your washing to "Redeemer." Served four long years.



CLEAN EATABLE SCOTT: Height 5 ft. 17/8 in., weighs 102 lbs., brown curly hair, and a morning glory blue eye, number 8 1/2 stockings. This young lady is pleasant to have around. She has asked Joe Anderson to go in partnership with her and buy the Ames Laundry as soon as her time is up. She was transferred from a small town prison to us. Has served nine months.



GET ME CARBERRY: 5 ft. 10 in. 19 years old. Tall and fleshy. Dark curly hair, huge ears and blue eyes. He came to us from the small prison of Panora. It was not strong enough to hold him so they say. But while here, he has proved a good faithful prisoner. His time will be out in June. Don't run if you see him coming, although he looks vicious.



CARE ABOUT NOTHING WILLEY: 5 ft. 2 in. 17 years old. Dark curly hair (sometimes), brown snappy eyes, short and . . . . ., wee hands. You will know her when you see her. She has served four years only. She is trustworthy. She associates with the other convicts a great deal, but they have no bad influence over her at all. We trust she will always keep this up after she leaves for the good of the community.



CANNOT BE GOOD McGRATH—*alias* CHARLES: This young man is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight about 150 lbs. has light hair, long



arms and a very expressive face. His record while in this institution is to the writer's knowledge very good, among the teachers, but the other prisoners have always been jealous of him, due entirely to his inclinations towards persons of the opposite sex. He will be given an unconditional parol this June.



ALWAYS BABBLING MARTIN: This young lady is about 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weighs about 135 lbs. She has black hair and when she walks her arms swing like young pendulums. Out of pure and undefiled mercy for the convict her record will not be mentioned as it is the source of embarrassment to several other male convicts of this class.



DARING VILLIAN MOSES—alias MOSES: This young convict is about 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs about 120 lbs. Unlike most prisoners his hair is exceedingly long at all times. The reason for his being paroled is on account of the influence he would have on his fellow prisoners, as he once walked up town with a man who had some years before smoked a cigar.



PLEASE KISS MELICK: Height 6 ft. 1 in., black hair (that is it used to be, until he conceived the idea that he wished to be a peroxide blond), tantilizing black eyes, quite distinguishable feet???? On a whole his behavior has been quite irreproachable except for his "loitering" ways. In our department of dramatics he has taken a prominent part and has succeeded in making the great play of the season; but we are told he is greatly worried over certain parts—namely, the sentimental ones, although we're sure in ability he is not lacking.



LOVELY JACOBSON—alias "JACOB": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs about 135 lbs., has broad feet and a head like a *tack*. While this victim has been paroled several times, he has succeeded every time in again being taken into custody. This young man's fate after his final parole is certainly questionable, as he has many habits, also an automobile that is liable to have a marked influence upon his career.



ABSENTMINDED THON: Height—not over six. Age—less than Miss A. Sprague. Hair and eyes beautifully blended with a slight tint of green and gray. Rumors are scattered to the belief that immediately upon her release she will enter into matrimony. If such be true, we offer her our best congratulations.



MOST ELEPHANT-LIKE HUSTON: Height 5 ft.; hair—medium; feet—not too large to walk on; age—this fair maiden has not



yet seen fifty summers. We are proud of this prisoner owing to the fact that she comes from one of the suburbs of Kelley. She has been quite a boisterous child, but lately she seems to have changed—the cause is unknown, unless it is because of a recent love affair. She will soon be released in good standing.



LANKEY DUMB FRASCHE: This victim is about 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs about 130 lbs., has black hair, dark eyes, also several other perfectly *new* features. For the past two years this young man has not been with us. Owing to some little technicality he was refused a pardon two years ago. He was then transferred to Denver where he worked 6 months behind the nine of diamonds, and is now returning in order to receive the last rights of a decent convict. His record while at Ames was just fair. What it was while in Denver we are unable to tell, but we do know, however, that a very noticeable external change has come over him just in the last few months. So the general public is hereby warned and notified of said change, and it is sincerely hoped by the wardens at least, that it is of such minor importance that it will have no great effect upon his vanity.



EXTREMELY GAWKY KOOSER—alias BETTY: Height 5 ft. 5 in., blue eyes, brown hair, age 18 years. She is noted for her “Stormy” temperment, although no bad behavior has been reported while serving here.



EASY GOING MELLOR: Height 5 ft. 3 in., dark hair, brown eyes, feet representing modern steamboats. She has almost finished her term of four long years, during which time she has mastered the art of fluent speech and we have great expectations of her along oratorical lines.



JIGGLEY HEADED ZENTMIRE—alias JUDD: Height 5 ft. 6 in., green eyes, white hair, slightly inclined to kink, very dainty little feet. Scandal proof except for frequent escapades where he is suddenly found missing. He is not hard to trace, however, as his destination is always 807 Douglas avenue. His manner of escape is due to the fact that he is a trusty and is given the keep of the prison. Previous records being lost we are unable to state the cause of his imprisonment, but are glad to state that his term has almost expired.



CLUMSY DREAMY TILDEN—alias TILLY: Height 6 ft., dark hair, dark eyes, freckles. He was out on parole the fore-part of the year for the purpose of broadening his mind. No improvement has been noticed, however. He will be released in a few weeks if he succeeds in mastering the art of reading time “correctly”



and not always being late. He was found guilty of "speeding" and we hope his being made an example of will be a warning to others in the future.



ARTISTIC MUSTY HUSTED: Height 5 ft. 8 in., mouse colored hair, eyes of slightly blue tint, a little stooped, wears shoes about size 10.99, he is not so old as you should be led to believe at first sight. He has been here for nine months, was transferred here from Pennsylvania, where he had previously served three years. Records show that he was indicted and convicted on circumstantial evidence for not keeping a date. Let this case be a warning to others.



FUSSY EMPTY SCOTT—alias FLO: Dark brown hair, brown eyes, height 5 ft. 5 in., and wears about five shoes. She too has been lately transferred here. She is faithful in all her allotted duties and if it were not for the hypnotizing effect of her coyness on the guards, she would be a model prisoner. She was imprisoned for the simple offense of "fussing."



EGOTISTICAL AIMLESS CLARK—alias PETE: Brown hair, blue eyes, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height. Is distinguished by a few freckles on the bridge of her nose (these, however, are not visible owing to the liberal use of powder). This is perhaps the most notable and widely known character enrolled and therefore no further description is necessary.



LOVE GONE RAYNES—alias LONEY: Height 5 ft. 7 in., blue eyes of greenish tint, medium brown hair, overlapping feet, about 20 years old. Imprisoned for stealing time and has served for five years. It is hoped that on his release he will still retain his nobility as the greatest German scholar ever produced since the time of "Zschokke."



ROAMING RAVEN KELLEY: Height 5 ft. 2 in., weight 146 lbs. Hair is of a dark taffy color. She always wears a smiling countenance and she never tires of hard work. Has served here four years in this prison with a clean record. She is a very quiet girl and it seems queer that she could do anything to receive such punishment.



MIGHTY NEAT SNOOK—alias RED: Height 5 ft. 3 in., weight 125 lbs., wears number 2 shoe. Thin lips, pointed nose, small eyes, light complected and an excess of fiery red hair. Has served two years in this prison. Rides ponies, bicycles and drives automobiles with great ease. Lives a still quiet life except for sudden outbursts into society which very much amaze the other inmates.



VERY WEARISOME MCCRAY: Height 5 ft. 4 in., weighs 145 lbs., 8½ shoe. Has an excessive growth of brown bushy hair, thin lips, small eyes and is very dark complected. Has been an inmate of this institution only 4½ months. Escaped from another pest house in Pennsylvania. As far as we know has always been a trusty prisoner, but shows slight flirtations with the fair sex.



WILLING TOILSOME JUDGE—alias RED: Height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 165, number 8½ shoe, broad shoulders and very muscular, bright red hair. Pointed nose and very freckled face. Has served a term of four years. Red is a fine specimen of manhood. He must have done something terrible to get convicted to such a sentence. Red will leave this prison with one of the best of records from all the wardens. The only thing that mars his record is that no one found out he was an orator until he was about to receive his parole.



HELPLESS LOVELORN MCCANNON: Height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 110 lbs., wears number 3 shoe. Has light brown hair, light complexion, with small eyes and nose, another one of our most trusty prisoners. Has never done anything to vex the surly wardens of the prison. This prisoner's greatest ambition is to be a Caesar of shorthand and typewriting.



WILLING LOVEABLE DAVIS—alias BILL: Height 5 ft., wears No. 7 shoes, weight 155 lbs., short and stubby, has thin lips, pointed nose and long dark brown hair, wearing his hair combed straight back. Bill is a very silent prisoner, but nevertheless has a mind of his own. This prisoner plays quite a little football and baseball and is more widely known as "Bill" Davis.



BETCHA JITNEY MELTZER—alias PONCE: Height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 165 lbs., wears number 8 shoe. Has large brown eyes, thin lips, pointed nose with a white complexion. Has served a four year sentence in three years, being paroled on good behavior. Ponce played a little football.



CAREFUL MEANING SIMS: Height 4 ft. 4 in., weight 110 lbs., wears number 4 shoe. Has stubby nose with black hair and eyes. Has served her full term of four years. No one ever heard this prisoner murmur about her work, and she has in no way tried to shirk it. It is believed that she never received a cross or chastising word from any warden or guard.



CHEERFUL LOAFER JUDGE—alias SWEDE: Height 5 ft., weight 145 lbs. Has freckled face, small eyes, stubby nose and light red hair. Has served a term of four years, always trusty and is never known to cause a disturbance. Little is known of this



prisoner in a society way except that he is always telling of the barn dances his father used to give.



MALAPERT FEROCIOUS DODDS: Height 5 ft., weight nobody knows, sand colored hair, deep blue green eyes (small). We have to watch her closely because she gets desperate cases on the male convicts here in this prison. Never known to smile (?) or not even talk scandal. This is a very good characteristic. Her time is out in June. Served four quiet years.



LIVING HEAVENWARD McQUILLIN: Height 5 ft., weight 130 lbs., brown curly hair (if she don't forget the kids at night), brown eyes. The reason of her staying here in prison was that she borrowed some paper of one of the convicts. No reason for this because she is rich and anyway she can get it for nothing. She is noted for her intellect. Served four years. Time up in June.



GONE WILD WILSON—alias STORMY: A modest young youth about 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weight about 140 lbs., wears a number 9 shoe and stiff collar. The relation that this youth bears towards persons of the opposite sex is unknown as he always does his fussing before or after prison hours. The record does not show that this victim was ever paroled, although it is generally known that he was near this point several times. After being given his release, he intends to go to Chicago; so we will probably hear from him again in connection with some other notorious prison. Here's hoping that he reforms.



SORROWFUL ASPECT MATHRE—alias "MATHIE": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight about 150 lbs., has light yellow hair and small eyes. His feet are small but of some very extraordinary texture. This prisoner has been a model for some of our most noted criminals, therefore we are all sorry to lose him on that account.



HILARIOUS LANK JOHNSON: Height 5 ft. 9 in., weighs 162 lbs., beautiful yellow brown hair. Sunken worried eyes. Number 5 shoe. This young lady is very, very talkative. If any one is ever to capture this young lady as a prisoner, Beware! because she will hand you a good line of talk. It will take a very experienced detective to get her. She thinks she will go on the vaudeville stage, as she has had some experience along that line. Time up in June.



REGRETFUL EVER McDOWELL: Height 5 ft. 1 10/99 in., weight 130 lbs., yellow-brown hair—almost black, brown eyes, small ears.



She had some good fortune the last week of her imprisonment. She fell heir to five hundred cents, left her by her uncle. This is to start her up in business. She was almost paroled last week, but they were so glad she was glad over her fortune, they all rejoiced and are keeping her until June for fear someone will rob her. Served three years with us.



OSTENSIBLY SLIM FATLAND—alias "OLE": This convict is about 5 ft. 11 in. high and weighs about 160 lbs.; his hair is brown but his eyes are colorless. He wears a number nine shoe and is exceptionally good natured. He was, for three years, confined in a prison at the little town of Cambridge, but it seemed advisable to the authorities to remove him to the Ames prison. This youth has a very good record in prison, which we hope will prove an asset to him later in life.



HANDY FIBBING CULP: 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs 160 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. This man was on the Chautauqua circuit until he was captured. He is a splendid singer. He is an easy-go-lucky. But is always in an awful hurry(?) Served five years. Time up in June.



ALMOST ANCIENT HEGGEN: 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs 130 lbs. Inclined to be stumpy. Dreamy blue eyes. He is of a poetical nature. We have to have a guard go about with him so as to prevent him from reciting poetry to the women convicts. This is when he thinks of poetry, when he sees the ladies. Served four faithful years.



BILLY SUNDAY GRIFFITH: 5 ft. 9 69/70 in. high, weight 143 lbs., light hair, blue eyes. Spindley and hungry looking. Don't feed him if you see him because he doesn't need any charity. He is an able-bodied person. Was raised on a farm near the prison. Occupation is a dog catcher for Marshal Ricketts, the reason of this is because he has a good long reach. Served four faithful years.



VANISH AWAY HEATER: 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weighs 160 lbs., light hair and blue eyes. Rather small for his age. He was crazy for summer to come because his choice is "Violets." Has tried to escape and go to Boone, but wasn't successful. Thinks he'll go to South Dakota back to the farm. Served two years.



COULDN'T LOVE SNYDER: 5 ft. 8 in. high, weighs 150 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. Here is a strong, robust young man. Never known to go fussing. He doesn't care for the fair sex, but is an awful flirt; that's why he is in here now, he tried flirting with a beautiful damsel and we had to take him in, much as we hated to. Good bright prisoner. Served four years.



EVER MUTTERING SUTTER: 4 ft. 6 in. high, 98 lbs. Large feet for her size. She is wee. Every night before going to Slumberland she would have some one of the convicts tell her about "Babe Moses." She has religious ideas all of her own. She was a nice quiet convict while here. Served two years. Came to us from the large prison of Kelley.

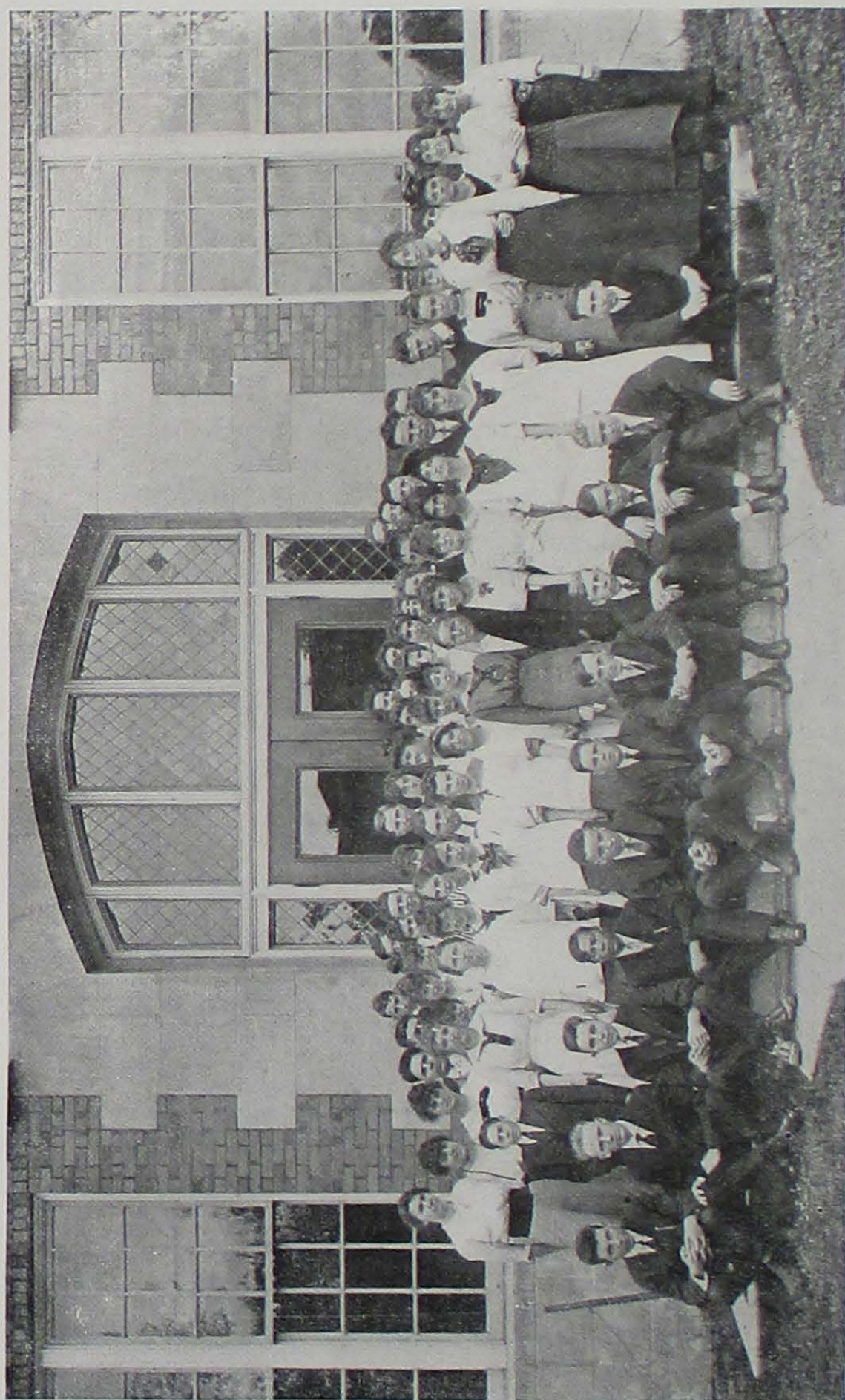


GROWING WORSE NILES—alias "GET": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 155 lbs., has large feet and is very good natured. This young man was indicted with some imaginary crime, tried and sentenced by Chief Judge Hicks to four years of hard labor. He has served his sentence faithfully and now that the time of his pardon is at hand, he is ready to forgive his accusers and even the most vicious of the wardens.



JONATHAN ROUNDHEAD REDDITT—alias "JOHNNIE": A very domesticated youth of about 5 ft. 7 in. in height, weight about 160 lbs., has black hair and a pointed nose. It is not known where this convict came from, but it is thought that he was captured somewhere in the far south. His record as a prisoner is to be questioned somewhat, as he was twice paroled in one week by the same authority, but was both times imprisoned again. By barring some of his acts during recreation hours and overlooking some of his prison records, this institution could say that it was justly proud of once holding this remarkable prisoner.





Class '16





## JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

President—DOROTHY BOWDISH  
 Vice-President—MARGARET LYSINGER  
 Treasurer—HELEN RAYMOND  
 Secretary—WALLACE LONGWORTH  
 Reporter—ILA WILCOX

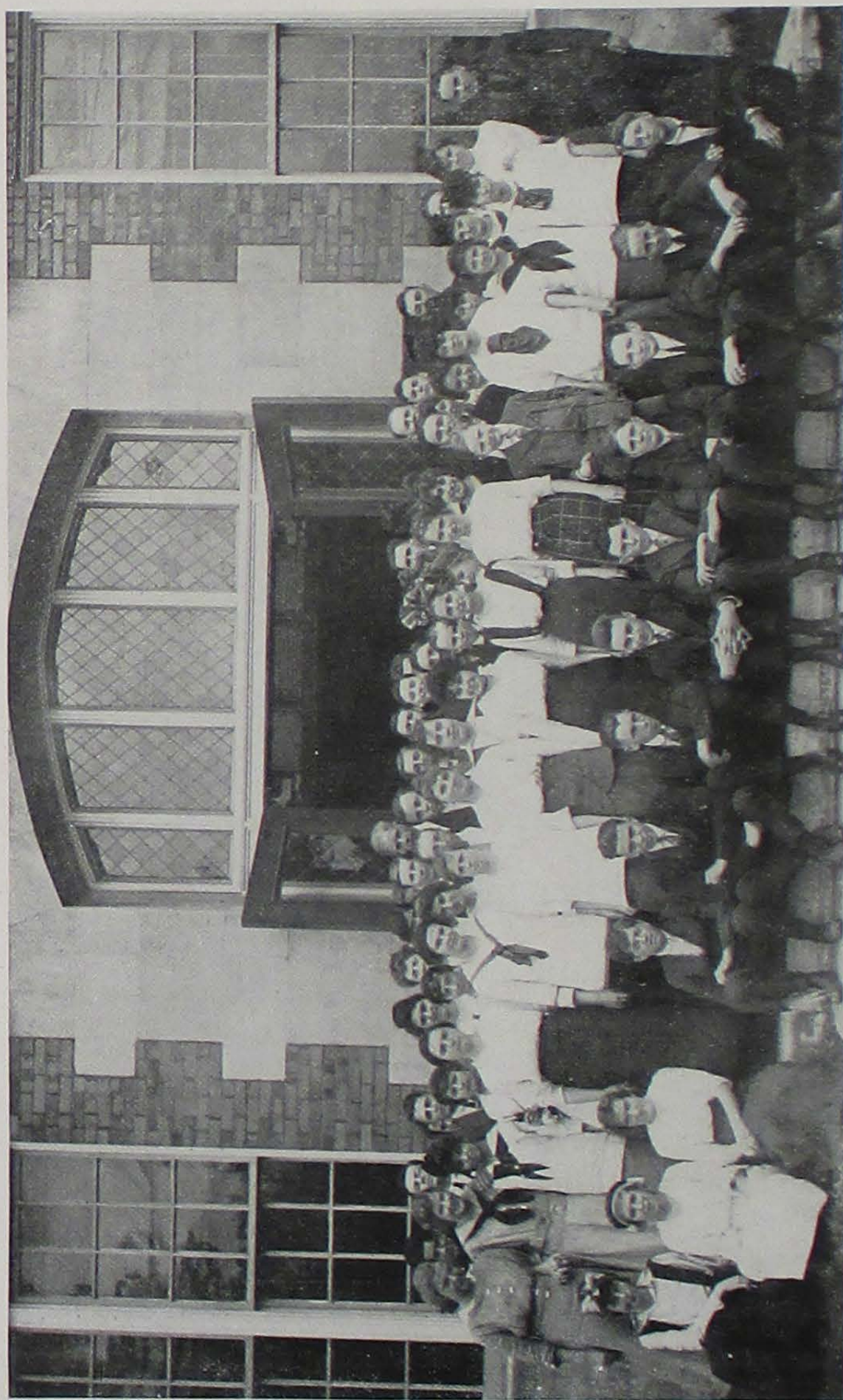
The Junior class gave a reception for the Seniors at Alumni Hall, May 15, 1915. A large crowd attended and the following program was enjoyed very much:

|                             |           |                   |
|-----------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| Music                       | - - - - - | The Quintette     |
| Welcome                     | - - - - - | Dorothy Bowdish   |
| Come Smiling                | - - - - - | Junior Quartette  |
| The Story of the Tack       | - - - - - | Faculty Quartette |
| 1915 Exhibit of Wax Figures |           |                   |

Conducted by Madame Molderanace and Monsieur Mechanique  
 Music by the Quintette during the evening while the people wrote in "Autograph Books."

The Junior class extend their best wishes for a successful future to the Seniors on their departure from the Ames High School.





Class '17





## SOPHOMORE REPORT

President—HAROLD CROSBY

Vice-President—RUBY WASSER

Secretary—IONE RICE

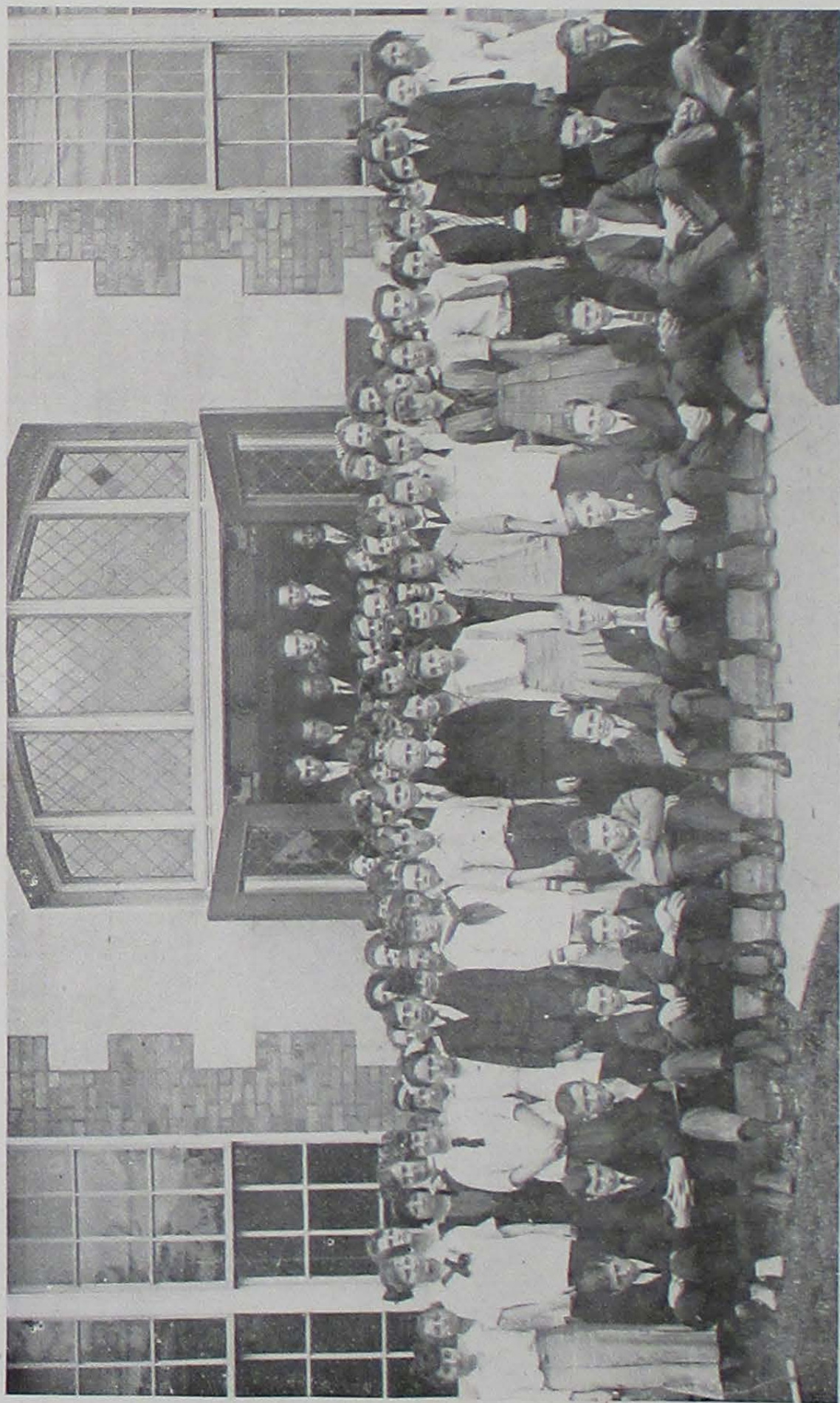
Meeting on May 3, in Study hall at 4:00. A picnic was discussed and decided upon May 6 as the time and North Woods as the place.

Chairman of the committee on eats—Josephine Wilkinson.

Chairman of entertainment committee—Paul Potter.

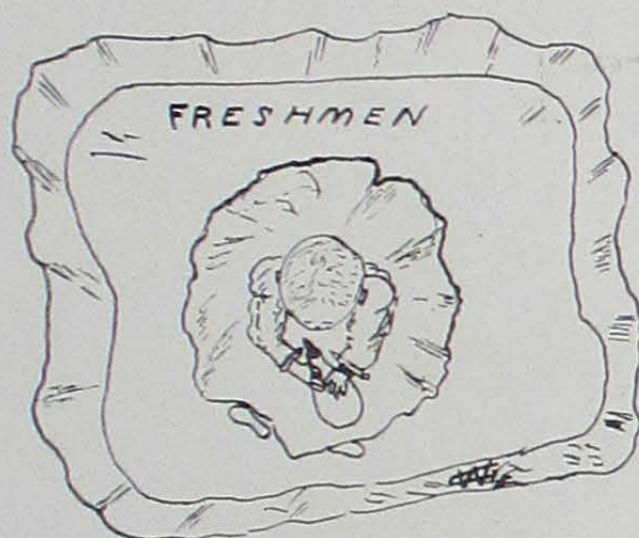
The picnic was postponed because of the weather.





Class '18





### FRESHMAN NOTES

President—BEATRICE OLSON

Vice-President—VICTOR BEACH

Treasurer—HAROLD SEYMOUR

Chairman—MARIAN TUCKER

Chairman Social Committee—EDITH WALLIS

Reporter—WM. McCLURE

The Freshman picnic that was held April 25 on Squaw creek was a very jolly affair. About forty freshmen were present, chaperoned by Miss Coffey, Miss McIlrath, Miss McIntosh. Various games were played in which all took part. Refreshments were served consisting of the usual picnic eatables, of which there was an abundant supply. The party closed at 8:30 with a grand rush for the movies.



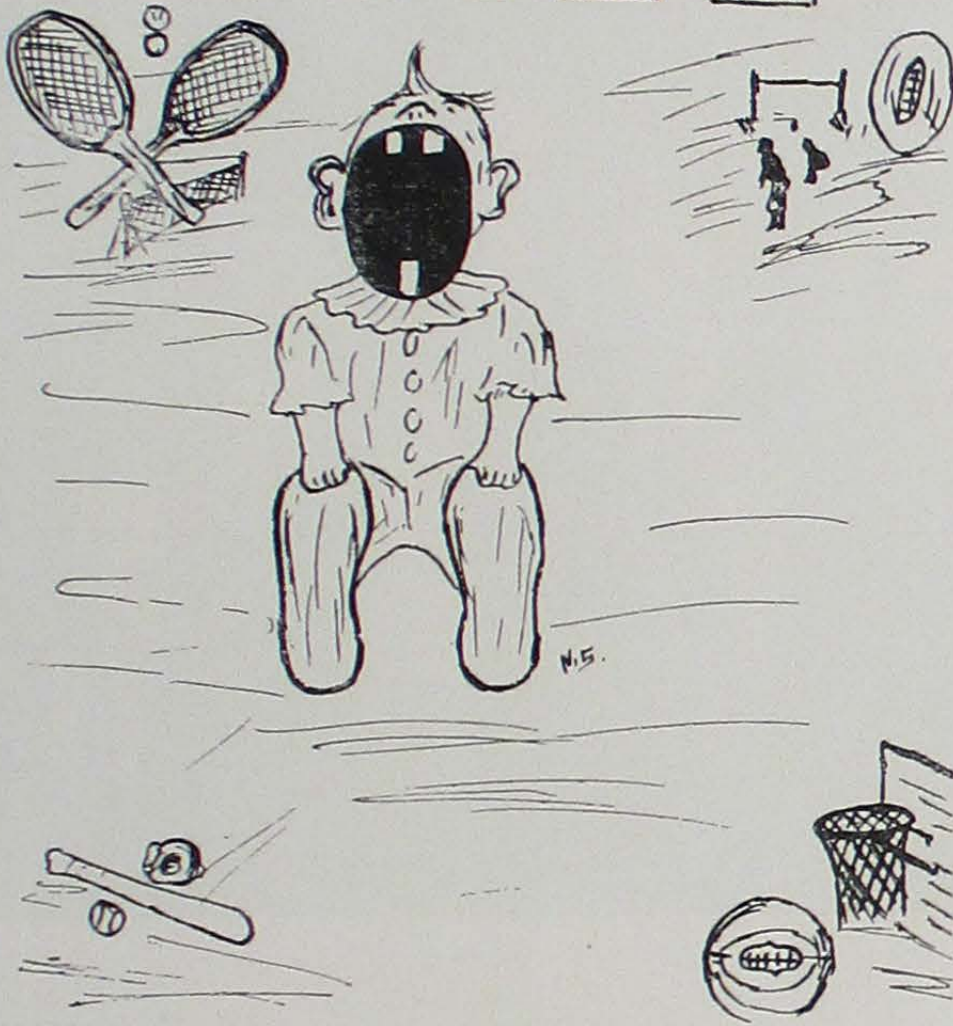


Photo  
by Romans

Varsity Ames High 1914



# BALL



## A Successful Year In Athletics

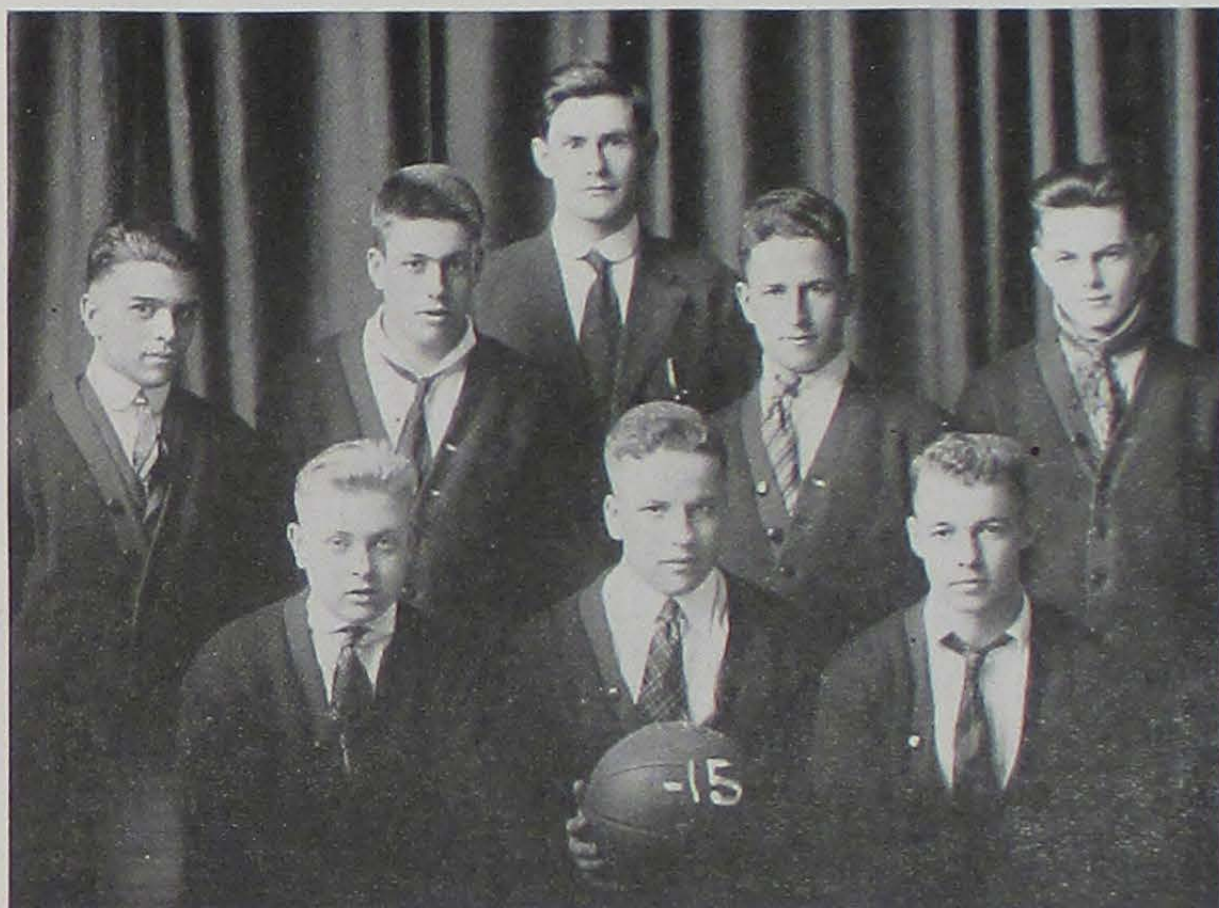
### SYNOPSIS OF FOOTBALL

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Ames. Eagle Grove, 0; Ames, 26.  
Boone High vs. Ames, at Boone. Boone High, 0; Ames, 16.  
Perry High vs. Ames, at Perry. Perry High, 0; Ames, 47.  
Ft. Dodge vs. Ames, at Ft. Dodge. Ft. Dodge, 0; Ames, 7.  
Newton High vs. Ames, at Ames. Newton High, 0; Ames, 33.  
Webster City vs. Ames, at Ames. Webster City, 0; Ames, 36.  
West Waterloo vs. Ames, at Waterloo. West Waterloo, 13;  
Ames, 20.

West High Des Moines vs. Ames, at Ames. West High, 19;  
Ames, 0.

Great credit is due to Coaches Lyman and Hansen. The coming year we have a fine bunch of veteran players to work into a championship team.





|               |                                                 |
|---------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| Coach.....    | W. E. LYMAN                                     |
| Forwards..... | { LESTER SWEARINGEN<br>LESLIE FLAUHER           |
| Centers.....  | { WILL RICKETTS<br>GLENN CARBERRY               |
| Guards.....   | { DWIGHT BRILLEN<br>EARL QUADE<br>HAROLD PAMMEL |



## SYNOPSIS OF BASKETBALL

Juniors won the three games, in the Home Contest. Juniors High School champions.

Nevada vs. Ames, at Nevada. Nevada, 16; Ames, 21.

Boone vs. Ames, at Ames. Boone, 24; Ames, 19.

Ellsworth vs. Ames, at Ames. Ellsworth, 33; Ames, 19.

Nevada vs. Ames, at Nevada. Nevada, 14; Ames, 21.

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Eagle Grove. Eagle Grove, 39; Ames, 13.

Ellsworth vs. Ames, at Ellsworth. Ellsworth, 22; Ames, 30.

Lincoln High vs. Ames, at Ames. Lincoln High, 20; Ames, 6.

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Ames. Eagle Grove, 18; Ames, 14.

Boone High vs. Ames, at Boone. Boone High, 21; Ames, 14.

Ft. Dodge vs. Ames, at Ames. Ft. Dodge, 15; Ames, 4.

Our record for the coming year shall show a great improvement, as all the team will be seasoned players.





Track Team



## HOME TRACK MEET

Freshmen-Juniors vs. Sophomores-Seniors

Held April 23

Cretsinger, captain of the Freshmen-Junior track team.

"Chick" Heater, captain of the Sophomore-Senior track team.

Dwight Britten baseball captain of the Freshmen-Junior team.

Harold Culp baseball captain of the Sophomore-Senior team.

"Cret" starred for the Freshmen-Junior team, with Swearingen a close second.

Heater and Husted starred for the Sophomore-Senior team.

Freshman-Junior team won in the track work.

Sophomore-Senior won the baseball contest.

Carberry pitched for the Sophomore-Senior team.

McNeil twirled for the Freshmen-Junior team.

Score 14 to 4, in favor of the Sophomore-Senior team.



## TRIANGULAR TRACK MEET

Boone, Marshalltown and Ames

On the I. S. C. Field

Boone made an exceedingly poor showing. Marshalltown won after a hard fight for their honors.

### FIRSTS FOR AMES

Mile run—Husted. Time—4:17 1-5.

100 yard dash—Heater. Time—:10 4-5.

220 yard dash—Heater. Time—:25.

Broad jump—Pammel. Distance—19½ ft.

Half mile relay—Lerdall, Snyder, Pammel, Swearingen. Time—1:44.

### SECONDS FOR AMES

Discus throw—McCarthy.

440 yard dash—Swearingen.

220 yard low hurdles—Swearingen.

Half mile run—Husted.

Shot put—Heater.

High jump—Reins.

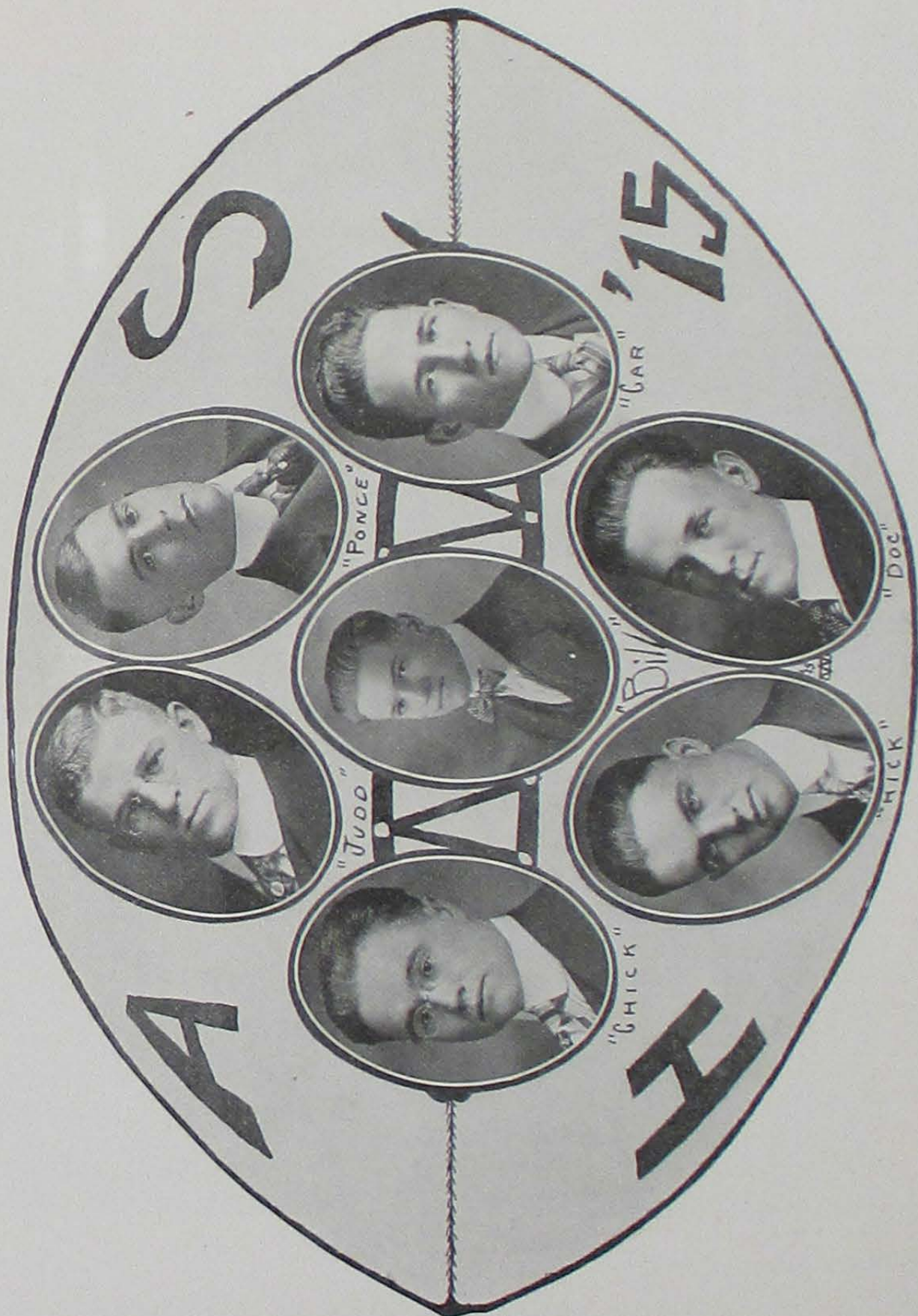
### THIRDS FOR AMES

High hurdles—Swearingen.

Pole vault—Ricketts.

Shot put—McCarthy.







## Honor "A" Men

1. WILL DAVIS, "BILL." Nothing need be said of "Bill," we all know "Bill."
2. VEARL HEATER, "CHICK." Sturdy, fast and true.
3. GLENN CARBERRY, "CAR." A whirlwind on the end, always there when needed.
4. BERNIS MELTZER, "PONCE." None better. Reliable, fast and clean in his defense of Old Ames High.
5. BERNICE RICKETTS, "HICK." The man at center—now and forever.
6. WALTER HARRIMAN, "DOC." Discovered last year in High School. A real player.
7. JUDSON ZENTMIRE, "JUDD." Fastest little man on the team. Worthy of a place on the All-State Team.

### TO HONOR "A" MEN:

The Students of Ames High extend congratulations and best wishes to the Honor "A" Men. May their lives be as good and clean as the games they played for our School.—THE STUDENTS.





## High School Orchestra

Director—WARREN E. POLLARD

|                |                                                                       |
|----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Violins.....   | { MERYL RUTHERFORD<br>DELMAR SCHAAL<br>LURA GAMBLE<br>MILDRED MINKLER |
| Clarinets..... | { LONEY RAYNES<br>OLE FATLAND                                         |
| Cornet.....    | BAILY WALTMIRE                                                        |
| Piano.....     | MARGARET LYSINGER                                                     |





ALUMNI.



## Alumni Report

This issue of THE SPIRIT bids fair to be the "best yet." All alumni are glad to see it, and hope it will continue to improve.

A. H. S. alumni make up a good per cent of this year's graduating class at I. S. C. Of the class of 1911 are Constance Beardshear, Elizabeth Canaday, Robert Clark, Allen Flint, Muriel Griggs, Leone King, Vivian Linse, Charles Meltzer, Laura Niles, Winifred Perry, A. R. Stephenson, R. S. Stephenson, Robert Summers and Fred Hultz.

Of the class of 1910 are Frank Beach, Anna Deacon, P. W. Eells, C. W. Likely, Luella Madison, Nellie Noble and Doris Pammel.

Of the class of 1909 are Charles McDonald and Florence Willey.

Constance Beardshear, '11, was chosen May Queen.

Elizabeth Canaday, '11, wrote the Senior Class Play of I. S. C.

Floyd Wambeam, '09, is editor of the "Iowa State Student" this year.

Robert Graham, '06, is state veterinarian of Kentucky.

Eva Persons Crawford, '06, of Minneapolis, has been quite sick, but we are glad to say she is much improved.

Monah Talbott, '01; Leola Talbott, '02; Enga Talbott, '06, and Gladys Talbott, '09, are living in Los Angeles, California.

Harry Brown, '94, is the best insurance man in his company and in the state.

Dr. Lou Willey, '07, of the I. S. C. veterinary department was married April 28 to Miss Sadie Allison of Minnesota.

Dr. Ricketts, '07, is practicing veterinary at Zearing, Iowa. He is also assistant state veterinarian.

Lyle Clapper, '07, is doing some extensive engineering work near Duluth, Minnesota.

Karl (Babe) Clapper, '12, the famous track man, is living on a farm with his parents in southern Minnesota.

Edith Ferguson Bielenburg, '06, after returning from a trip abroad, entered I. S. C.

Albert Fowler, '08, is assistant county auditor of Story county.

Irvin Meltzer, '08, is in Judge Lee's office studying law.

Merrill Manning, '08, is studying law at Harvard.

Vernon Tinsley, '08, is studying architecture at Columbia University.

Walter Summers, '09, is in the photography business at Maxwell, Iowa.

Florence Willey, '09, is teaching in the Red Oak High School.

Francis George, '09, is also teaching in Red Oak, Iowa.

Laura Jones, '10, is teaching at Dennison, Iowa.

Hermine Knapp, '10, is teaching at Manomony, Wisconsin.



# LITERARY





# "Betty Of Fallen Timber"

BY MERYL RUTHERFORD, '15

The life of a Northwest Mounted Policeman, is not a life of ease. It is in fact, filled with dangers on every hand, such dangers that require experienced men; men who are not afraid to lay down their lives for the sake of the right. He must be a detective and policeman in one and more often be skilled in all kinds of work.

Philip Lang was all of these things and more, he was a true gentleman, young and accomplished and a splendid athlete. His work was fascinating to him because it was spiced enough with danger to satisfy the most fearless and daring. Now as he stood in the chief's office before starting on his trip, he buttoned his flaming red coat with unsteady fingers, his dark brows straight and stern. The young boyish face, tanned with the wind and sun was ashen and the lips though held tightly together, trembled.

"It's a hard trip, boy, and you must need use all your training in the fight now before you. You are going into the most lawless part of the north and it is there and there only that our man can be found. He must be watched carefully, no mistake must be made in getting the wrong man. He is living under an assumed name, I feel sure. Remember that there are two brothers, a younger one who never did a wrong thing in his life. He is now about thirty; the other is a man past middle age—dark and handsome. Don't get the wrong man, Phil, if you do it is all up. Do not fail to question the superintendent of the Great West mills, and boy, remember if you are caught—there is no hope for you."

As the chief finished, the younger man drew his hand over his burning eyes and laughed harshly. The trip seemed to him to be one of needlessness and too full of dangers for one man to try alone—but his fearlessness for himself caused him to take the trip. He had been told that the man had a family, and there still remained in his heart a silent pity for the grief that must needs come to them if he found his man. Forgery lay at the man's feet and that is in the far north as big a crime as murder.

The man had been gone ten years, as was stated on the chief's books, and had never been heard of since that time. But word had come from a man who pretended to have known the man in days gone by, that he had discovered him in the Great West logging camp. The letter had been unsigned and it seemed to Phil Lang as though he were going on a wild goose chase, but he followed the orders of the chief and started.

All day long over trail and foothills he rode and not until the sun was sinking behind the misty mountains did he catch sight



of the camp. Back on the way he had stopped and removed his crimson coat for a somber black one such as any rider might wear, and now as he rode wearily up to the camp he appeared as many another man had, who had traveled on the same road in search of a job.

The logging camp was situated in a large clearing in the center of the vast forest of pine and spruce. It was composed of a large dining house, numerous bunk houses and store houses of all kinds and sorts. As Phil Lang rode up to the door of the chief's office, the groups of men around the yard made some terse remarks at the rider, who answered with ready wit of his own, and springing from his horse walked into the superintendent's shack. The faces of the men held bewildered looks, for never before had they seen a job hunter who seemed so much at home and who was so ready with his tongue.

The superintendent looked up with a sharp frown as the stranger opened the door, and with a weary move pushed the plans before him with impatient fingers.

"Well, sir; what can I do for you? Want a job peeling potatoes?"

Lang smiled and nodded, "Anything, sir, will do. I want a job for about two weeks, maybe less, anything I can do?"

"We need a water carrier, little man, but I might find a team for you to drive. Ever drive a team? Ever do any logging?"

"Yes, I guess I've done most everything there is to do. In fact, sir, I am here on business and I want a job while I am here to pass the time away."

The superintendent smiled and his eyes met the clear ones of the stranger. "Government?" asked the man and his face lit up with interest.

"A little, but you know how it is here in these woods, with so many French-Canadians."

"Frenchman?" asked the older man understandingly.

"No. Canadian, sir. Been lost for ten years. I think I've found him, though."

"Yes, yes," muttered the other and scratched his head.

The next morning Phillip Lang, in logging costume, joined the men at their work and passed off as a pretty fair tenderfoot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Gardner, a giant of a man, six foot six he stood, was as tender-hearted as he was big, and he had let his only daughter grow up in a sweet way of her own, loved by the simple-hearted people of the logging camp. The Gardner shack lay in the center of a delightful clearing, surrounded on all sides by high sunny hills, dense with fragrant pine and spruce. The house stood on a slight rise, and gradually sloped down to a glimmering little creek that bore the quaint name of "Fallen Timber," because



its banks were, in places, studded with noble trees, that had fallen beneath the surge of the early waters of many years.

For her seventeen years Betty was in mind quite experienced, for since her mother had died and left behind her husband and little girl, Betty had taken upon her shoulders the care of the home, which she kept for her father and brother, Abe. The father had taught her to cook and a neighbor lady had explained the mysteries of sewing to her, so now she was skilled in these things, and delighted in making her own clothes.

Jim Gardner, proud of his pretty daughter, bought her many dainty things which her skillful hands fashioned to suit her wild dark beauty. She was a dreamy girl and sought out lovely nooks—of which the woods of the far north are full—where she would sit by the hour and dream. One spot—her favorite—was a large flat rock a half mile from her home, and here in the soft warm afternoons, and dusky twilights, she loved to go, and climbing upon the rock watch the sun sink into the purple mountains, or follow with her eyes the many winding curves of the creek.

On the second day Phil Lang took a short circuit through the woods from the logging grounds, and after a walk of fifteen minutes he came to a little clearing in the forest. On one side it was bounded by the little river he had admired on his journey out. Now as he stepped into the clearing a strange sight met his eyes. Seated on a large rock by the edge of the stream was a girl and a dog. As he approached the dog stood up and growled threateningly showing ferocious white teeth. The girl reached out and drew him back meanwhile smiling a welcome, and Phil smiled in sympathy.

“Hello, little lady, are you lost?” This he said gaily when he had come quite near, and stopped waiting for an invitation to join her on the mossy throne.

Again she smiled and looked at him with unfeigned delight in her grey eyes. “No, sir; are you lost? If you are tired you may sit here for a few minutes.” And she moved over, then continued: “Isn’t it lovely, I mean the view from here?” With another smile at him she turned away and gazed across the valley, paying no further attention to him, until he had climbed up beside her and watched the setting sun.

A sunset in that far north is a rare sight, indeed, for it lights the vast heavens with a glorious light and drenches the pine forests in rose and lavender flames. After the sun had dipped into the purple mountains, Betty turned back to the man at her side and shaking her black locks laughed.

“You like it here, don’t you? So do I and I wish I lived out here in these woods all the time instead of in a far distant village.”



And Lang sighed quite solemnly, but the girl had slipped from the big rock and now stood upon the ground, her hand on the dog's head.

"Yes, I like it, sir, and it is always as beautiful, like a dream in the evening and reality in the daytime."

"Are you going away now? What is your name—Phyllis?"

Again she shook her head, "No, it is Betty. And yours?"

"Mine—Oh, they call me Phil, but is that all your name?"

"No, the rest is Gardner."

"What?" Phillip Lang spoke with a sharp frown and sprang off the mossy rock with such suddenness as to cause the girl to gasp in alarm. She moved slowly away from him, her hand grasping the dog's collar, and her face white.

"Don't be afraid, Betty—I thought—I mistook the name, that is all. Please forgive me for frightening you." And he smiled, his eyes holding the most humble contrition, inwardly his conscience said: "Yes, that is the name and this child is no doubt his daughter." A fact which made his heart turn cold. Betty soon departed with a promise to the young stranger that sometime she would show him her home and let him meet her father.

Three weeks passed swiftly. Lang made friends with Betty's father and brother Abe and with Jean LaPorte, the Frenchman who kept the post nearby. Jean was devoted to Betty and watched with a jealous heart the coming of the handsome stranger.

During the three weeks the mounted polileman had not been idle, letters of the most importance had been sent to his chief, and one day a governmental letter came to him, and Jean, with trembling fingers and a strange light in his eyes, steamed it open and read the contents. Thereupon he imparted his suspicions to Betty's brother. From then on Phill was tracked at night and whenever he and Betty went to the rock to watch the Aurora Borealis either Jean or Abe shadowed them.

Jim Gardner, unsuspecting, watched the two young people and shook his kindly grizzled head and patted Betty's curls with a huge rough hand. It is in the mountains among the giant trees and in the snow covered peaks one finds the true man. A man who will die for the right and face death with a smile of welcome. Often he is a grizzled bearded man, yet with a pure heart of gold. Jim Gardner was such a man—a truer heart was never found.

Jim had a brother somewhere—no one knew, no one cared—no one but Jim and often at night he would go out under the emerald sky and with his great form shaking, pray for mercy for himself and for the protection of his wandering brother. One night he was walking in the cool forest when he came to the clearing where the rock Betty loved so well lay, and there clearly



outlined against the sky he saw the form of Phillip Lang, rigid and straight. Suddenly as if in a spasm of grief the younger man cried out and then Jim Gardner shrank back with a low moan and covered his bearded face in his hands. Staggering he started home, his brain reeling and blank. He had been discovered, the whole theme of his anguish, and by a man he had come to love, with a love, only men of the forest can feel for one another—he went on toward his cabin a lost and broken man.

Phillip Lang turning and stepping off the giant rock moved slowly in the direction of the logging camp, his head hanging and his face blanched, near to him a twig snapped—he wheeled and not ten paces from him stood a man, his hands reaching for his pistol—the mounted policeman made a quick movement and his automatic came level with his waist line and Jean, for he it was, noting the taut muscles and knowing that Phillip's hand would come no farther, dropped his weapon back in its place and laughed. The man had revealed his identity to Jean in that last moment when his training had stood the test, for Jean knew well that the Northwest police were trained to shoot with their hands level with their belts. Again the Frenchman laughed but the other, his eyes hard and mouth set firmly, still held his rigid position.

“Jean,” he said and his voice was as sharp as a whip, “why do you follow me?”

“M'sieur is mistaken, I do not follow him.” Again the man laughed, and gestulated wildly with his hands.

“Yes, but you do, I've seen you before. Now Jean, cut it. I am on to your game and I won't have it, do you understand?”

Again the laugh came, low and full of malice, the Frenchman came nearer, his beady black eyes shining.

“Why do you talk so much with the little girl—Betty—M'sieur?”

“Shut up, Jean. Ah! is that why you follow me?” Lang's face grew dark with anger. The other smiled as if to himself and turning without a single word he slipped into the forest. His mind was made up, Lang must be done away with. Meanwhile Lang, angered beyond measure, strode homeward. The time for action had come, Jim Gardner must be arrested and Betty's heart broken. Over a hundred times he wished with all his heart that he had not undertaken the trip, and many times more that he had never been a government worker.

Only Abe and Betty knew the story of their father's crime, and in what way he might be saved, if he would only let it be known. But he deemed it unworthiness in a man to shrink from so plain a duty. His only brother, a handsome young lad, had by his carelessness and rashness wrecked the happy home of the elder brother. He ran away leaving his brother's name in



the mire of forgery, placed there by his own hand. The elder, because of his love for his brother and his youth, took the blame before the world and let the other go free and unstained. Taking his wife and two small children he fled into the vast wilderness hoping to escape the law. His wife, broken under the grief, died, and Jim Gardner lived on in the seclusion of the mighty forest, safe up until now—to be discovered just when he had hopes of never being known.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jean came smiling and happy to the cabin door, and Betty opened it with a gay laugh, as he stepped within and leaned against the half closed door with folded arms. They talked of many things until at last the conversation turned toward Phillip Lang.

“He’s such a good, strong, handsome M’sieur,” stated Jean, his eyes narrowing. Betty, across the cabin busily engaged in some mysterious sewing, bent her head lower but Jean’s watchful eyes noted the tell tale red.

“Yes,” she rejoined. “He is handsome, and strong and—good.”

“One’s friends are not always true, Betty, and we should always be careful.”

“What?”

“That’s true and I must hurry along now. Abe is waiting. Adieu, little Betty, until later—I shall come again—again,” and he went away while Betty gazed after him with terror filled eyes.

Suspicious had come, that for which Jean had waited and now he smiled secretly to himself. Betty, unable to endure the torture of her mind, fled into the forest, she knew not why, perhaps she thought she might find the unfaithful one Jean had mentioned. Instead she came upon Jean and Abe talking together—she crept nearer, and then she heard Jean exclaim in a quick voice and she shrank back—they meant to kill Phil—and then her brother mentioned her name and she listened again. When he had finished she waited until they had gone and then crept swiftly homeward. Her mind was made up, and neither her father or Phillip should die, that was, if her plan worked.

Betty locked the cabin door and running into her brother’s room she hunted up an old suit of his, which she now slipped on. At last, attired in it she took a slouch hat from the peg on the wall, and putting it on, pushed her hair back underneath it. At a distance she knew that Jean and Abe would not recognize her for other than the man they were after, and in the moonlight especially. With a hard pounding heart she took a last look around the little cabin and then, with a resolute shrug, unbolted the door and stepped out into the glorious night.

High in the heavens the brilliant moon hung, and as she now looked at it she seemed to see a sad smile on its clear surface in



place of the merry one she always detected. But Betty did not dare to wait too long, so she skirted the clearing and walked swiftly where the rock lay, here she paused and looked up into the emerald sky. Miles above the dark forest there came a low hissing, as of many waters churning in a deep abyss, but she knew what it was and waited motionless. Here and there in the radiant sky a streak of orange appeared; suddenly the whole heaven was bathed in a crystal light. Now the orange was touched with pink, then red, lavender, blue and green. The Aurora Borealis was at its height. And with a little sob of awe and regret the girl impatiently pushed forward into the fateful clearing.

Abe on his knees across the little river, raised his rifle as the girl came into the clear light, but Jean, lying flat on a fallen tree, motioned him down with a quiet, "I wish to do that, M'sieur," and his rifle came up to his shoulder with a swiftness Abe had never observed before. There was a breathless pause, then a clear shot rang out and the figure among the fallen trees and the stumps, slipped down without a cry and lay there. Miles above the dark forest the orange, yellow and red played a merry dance. The Aurora Borealis hissed and sang in the emerald sky.

The two men rose to their feet, dazed at their deed, across the clearing all was as silent as death and neither doubted but what it reigned there. They slunk down the creek intending to cross there, and moved on, heads hanging.

Lang came whistling into the clearing and glanced toward the rock. Betty had not yet arrived, so he went forward more slowly. Twenty paces from the edge of the forest he stumbled across the body of what he supposed to be a man, lying face downward among the trees and stumps. With a muttered exclamation he fell on his knees and turned the limp body over. There under his hand Betty lay—Betty in a man's garb—dead. He slowly raised his head. Who had killed her—then a great light broke over his heart—she had risked her life for his. He lifted the limp form and carried it down to the shore of the creek she loved so well and laying her down he ran down to the water's edge. Two men came up at the same time and drew back in hushed silence as they met the stranger. This time the automatic of the man was ready first and the rifles fell from the nerveless hands of the two men. A hoarse voice broke the silence.

"You are my prisoners," it said and then continued in a monotonous tone: "Betty is wounded or maybe dead, get bandages and water quick, I know a little about surgery—hurry."

Terror stricken the men obeyed and soon they were rewarded by a faint sigh from the still lips. The bullet had entered the left shoulder instead of lower down as had been intended. As Betty slowly returned to consciousness the Frenchman rose to his feet and facing the policeman, asked:



"Who are you, M'sieur?"

"I am Phillip Lang, royal Northwest mounted police. The bullet was intended for me, was it not?"

"Yes, M'sieur, it was intended for you, but—"

Just then Betty opened bewildered eyes and seeing her brother bending over her she clutched him weakly and with wild eyes, gasped:

"You didn't kill him, did you, Abe? He isn't dead, is he?"

And the man answered for himself: "No, he isn't dead Betty—but he is going to avenge the wrong committed against you."

"Oh," she cried. "You won't send him to prison will you, Mr. Lang. Tell them to go away—I want to ask you something."

And when they were alone she said: "I don't suppose I will live—but please don't send Daddy to prison, will you? They said you were going to and—and—I would rather have you die than have him go to prison for a day for something he never—"

"What was that?" cried Lang, on his knees beside the girl.

"Nothing—but you won't, will you?"

"Betty," said the man solemnly, "you were—you offered your life for mine and I want to show you how grateful I can be and what it means. If I can help it he shall not go to prison—because I will resign and then he won't be sent through my help and I will do everything to keep him from there."

"Daddy didn't do it—but the man isn't known to anyone but Daddy and the man himself, he was—he is—" she got no further for she lost consciousness.

Hours later she woke up in her own room in the little cabin she loved so much. By the bedside sat her father, his kindly face haggard and worn, but with a look of infinite peace upon it. The big man patted her hair with loving fingers and in a voice hardly audible said:

"It's all right, Betty, I am free from that stain. Your Uncle Bob came last night and gave himself up to the policeman—to Lang. It must have been hard, Betty girl, as he was spent when he arrived and—"

"Daddy Jim, where is he?"

The gray head drooped. "He is—he is dead, Betty girl."

"Daddy, did they kill him?" she gasped horrified.

"No, Betty, he died as Lang put the handcuffs on his wrists. It was a weak heart—consumption." There the old man paused, while his daughter sobbed quietly.

"But we'll be happy now, Daddy Jim, and—"

"Yes, we'll be happy Betty." But it was not her father's voice it was Phillip Lang and he now came to the bedside. A



faint color rose in the girl's white face. "But you will still be a mounted policeman, now that you cannot be disgraced?"

The man shook his head and said quietly: "No, Betty, I can not be that—a married man can never be a Northwest royal mounted."

"But—but you don—"

"Yes, I do, Betty, and now we will say no more about it—but it has all come true, as you said you knew it would some day if you trusted. I will go back today and hand in my resignation, not because of disgrace but because of you, Betty—because, as I mentioned before, a married man cannot be a royal Northwest mounted policeman."



# "Life"

By CLAUDE SCARBOROUGH, '17

(From Emerson's words: "Life is a train of moods like a string of beads and as we pass through them they prove to be the many colored lenses which paint the world their own here.")

Life is the state of existence. The length of time a person can live is governed by the way a person cares for his body. Life is like a string of beads having many different colors.

I can see white head this life string, as that color is an emblem of purity and simplicity. The small, innocent baby is heralded into a powerful world although it is very helpless itself. I can see the bead of white glow, signifying the child is in perfect health, but suddenly the luster grows dull. This shows an illness has overtaken the small babe. The dullness gradually begins to glisten again, as though a powerful dynamo were started. This machine, at first makes the lights very dim, but as the great monster gains speed the glare grows unbearable.

As the child grows older I can see another bead form. This bead, although like the first in the start, begins to develop a slight color, seemingly a delicate pink. Other beads develop now with great rapidity; and as each bead is formed a new color is made which is still a pink, but nearing a light red.

The child enters school, and other colors are earned as each new definite thing is learned. Knowledge is gained and the grades are passed with the number of colors steadily increasing. The hues already mentioned seem to get more and more into focus causing a beautiful clearness in each bead.

The person enters high school, and, as in the grades, the life string is lengthened. I can see the four years of this school end with many beads to the person's credit, each having a different color. With all these beads and assortment of colors, the life string is yet short, and much cord is left for more beads. I can see the ends of some person's strings tied as a symbol that this person thinks he is past learning more; while others keep adding as though they would never stop.

I see the persons enter college and, as usual, new beads with different hues appear. In four short years the course is finished and the person is ready for a life work. Multitudes of colors are now in the string. Some are lustrous, some are blurred, but the latter will soon become focused.

The person now enters a life work and the beads come more slowly, only as experience teaches. At the age of twenty-five, I see the luster at the highest degree and continuing this way until the age of thirty is reached. Suddenly a row of black beads appear and I see plainly a period of deep discouragement.



ment. I see the discouragement grow deeper when, all at once, beads appear which totally eclipse the black beads leaving, once more, an excellent life string. The beautiful brightness of color continues for many years; then I can see the color fade, although the luster is as bright as before. The fading continues, showing the person is growing old. I see, to my wonder, that many of these faded beads are added and the wonderful bright beads of before continue to be bright. Then I see the lights grow bright again and suddenly, extinguish. The failure can only be expressed with one very, powerful word which is "Death."

After life has gone, I see the strings light up again and in seems to gain a permanent form like the setting of glue. The string starting at one end, or birth, is small and gradually, grows larger until at a climax; then decreases in size until the same as at first. This slow making of this magnificent string is remembered only by a very steady and beautiful glow which remains forever.







Miss Ford in English IV: "You can see stars when looking up from a deep well."

Vera Crosby: "Why, I don't see how that can be."

Ruby Wasser (stage whisper): "Throw a brick down."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Bray in English VI: "Lester, give me a cognate object."

Lester S.: "He coughed a cough of a coffee cough."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Quade (to Lois Russell while posing for "Spirit" picture): "Will you please get on an intelligent look?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Crawford (Germ.): "Tell me two ways to give a date."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ethel Barker (translating Germ.): "He gave a speech on 'The creation of the entire world in a small village school room.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Bray said she was afraid she would have to quit school on account of her eyes—It isn't a baseball *diamond*, understand, that we are talking about.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Sprague (in Am. Hist.): "What can a person be impeached for?"

Willien Wish: "Breach of promise."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ella Clark (in Chem.): "What is spook yeast?"

Mildred Dodds: "Well, I don't know, but I think it is some that raises after dark."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Marie, where do you usually put your lunch?"

Marie Judge: "In the buggy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ella Clarke (translating Germ.): "She hovered on an unsteady rock."

\* \* \* \* \*

Quintin Fernandez (to Miss Coffey): "Is hard water ice?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Doc Harriman (in Germ. translation): "Spiritual alcohol."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mick C. (speaking to Clarence Smith about the lesson, rather prolonged).

Miss Ford: "That must be a long lesson."

Mick C.: "It's a review."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Bray had each one bring a dime for a paper in English. She was stacking them up in piles (dimes).

Glen C.: "Have you your dime-on?" (diamond.)

Miss Bray: "No, the teachers get them free."

\* \* \* \* \*



Neta Snook: "Why, where I lived we have such bright are lights on our corner that we have to sit behind the porch post."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Lyman (in Commercial Law): "What is a workman's lien?"

Hick R.: "His shovel."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Caldwell: "Why were you tardy?"

Bill R.: "School started before I got here."

\* \* \* \* \*

(In English 8 on Friday, April 1.) As Miss Bray sat down at her desk, something was discovered; something bright and sparkling (just new). Of course, it belongs to her now. A few whispers were heard about the room.

Miss Bray (rising): "Well, what is the *joke*?"

Everybody knew by this time what the joke was. And so did Miss Bray. She sat down and her left hand and the bright sparkling rays disappeared under the table, and she blushed but called the class' attention to the lesson immediately.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dale McCarthy (in Ancient Hist.): "He killed thousand of Christians and it took them years to recover."

\* \* \* \* \*

If Beatrice Olson went to a summer resort would it be Victor Beach?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Faculty quartet sang in assembly a song entitled "The Lost Sheep."

Everyone enjoyed it very much.

Junior: "Wasn't that a pretty song they sang?"

Glen C.: "Yes, but I should have thought they'd felt 'sheepish'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pecky McNeil: "Dave, if you were to become an insect, what kind would you prefer to be?"

Dave Ghrist (yawning): "A bed-bug."

\* \* \* \* \*

Glen C. (handing Miss A. Sprague an unexcused slip for afternoon work).

Miss Sprague: "This isn't a very good one."

Glen C.: "It's the best I could do."

\* \* \* \* \*

A Soph.: "Miss Ford said I was stupid, I'll explain why."

The Freshman said: "You don't need to bother, because we know why."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Dadisman in Ag.: "What tree is thickest with leaves?"

Albert Husted: "Chemistry." (Chemis tree.)







“DEUTSCH” JOKES

Bailey W.: “The master of ceremonies goes out to land (invite) the guests for the wedding.”

Clarence S.: “The students in the German Universities are called “Sons of Moses” (Sons of the Muse).

Mildred Huston: “He jumped upon the horse of a *killed* Frenchman.”

Ruth Kelley: “Among his oppressors” (apprentices).

John Reddit (translating while the steam is making considerable noise).

Miss Crawford: “John, I can’t hear a word.”

John: “Well, I’m doing fine.”

Albert H.: “Charles’ ancestors inherited this title from him.”

John R.: “Franz laid down the German *throne*.”

Cora Willey: “The story ‘Der Zerbrochene Krug’ is taken from a picture of a woman holding in her hands a broken jug, a young man, and a girl.”

Verne M.: “The elders mixed in the quarrels of the *youngers*.”



WOULDN'T IT SEEM QUEER IF

Bailey had black curly hair.

Miss Bray wouldn't get peeved so easily.

For Sallie not to go to the Princess daily.

Gladys Kenley to get a bad case.

Quentin Fernandez not to be prepared on his lessons.

Pecky McNeil's name was Verr Nunamaker as he tried to make the notary public believe.

If Hick R. really gets to graduate.

Glen Morris didn't have chewing gum for the girls in 4th period study.

Laurence Murphy would just happen to get short and fat.

Glen Wilson went with another girl.

Francile would make her auto into a “Jitney.” Go ahead and start it. People seem afraid to stare one here.



## AUTHORS IN ENGLISH VIII

### "A SAD STORY FOR BOYS"

After the talk given by Mr. Hicks on usage of tobacco, two high school boys went down town. One of the boys said to the storekeeper. "I have some money to *Spencer*, I want a *Bobbie Burns* cigar."

After getting on the outside he said to his friend: "I forgot to ask if you smoke or *Chaucer*?"

The boy said: "Neither."

George *Crabbe*(d) around for a while then he said: "Oh, come on, and try it. *Everyman* smokes or chews."

"*Wyatt* do you think I am. I don't want to smoke or chew. I'd rather *Steele*."

George finally persuaded him to smoke. They climbed up in a *Surrey* in the alley. Soon George's friend was a sick boy. George said to him:

"Do you want me to go get your mother?"

"Yes," replied the sick boy, "go and *Hunt* her and *Fletcher* her here."

*Swift*, *Gray* things rushed by his eyes and he heard strange *Ballads* as he lay there.

"I can't find your mother but your sister and brother are there."

"*Ascham* if I'll get the *Dickens* if I come home?" said the sick lad.

No use to say what happened that night. The next morning he started out a *Newman*. And he said: "no *Moore* for me."

—GLADYS RICKETTS.



## SOME DEFINITIONS

Accident—A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of body better.

Advice—A commodity peddled by your lawyer and given away by your mother-in-law, but impossible to dispose of yourself. Famous as the one thing which is "more blessed to give than receive."

Good Advice—Something old men give young men when they can no longer give them a bad example.

Affinity—Complimentary term for your husband or your wife. Sometimes a synonym for "your finish."

Afterthought—A tardy sense of prudence that prompts one to try to shut his mouth about the time he has put his foot in it.

Age—Something to brag about in your winecellar and forget in a birthday book. The boast of an old vintage, the bugaboo of an old maid.

Alcohol—A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.

Allopathy—From English *all*, everybody, and Greek *pathos*, pain. Pain for everybody.

Homoepathy—From Greek *homoios*, same, and *pathos*, pain. Pain, just the same.

Argument—Breaking and entering the ear, assault and battery on the brain and disturbing the peace.

Artist—Commonly, the individual long haired and short-suited, having a positive pose and an uncertain income. Often shy on meal tickets but strong on technique and the price of tripe sandwiches. An artist may be a barber, a boot-black, a Sargent or a Paderewski.

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift the ashes.

Bill-of-Fare—A list of eatables. Distinguished from Menu by figures in the right-hand column.

Blubber—The useful product of a dead whale. The useless product of a live baby.

Borrow—To swap hot air for cold coin.

Brand—Something carried on the hip, by either beast or man. Can be found on the outside of a short, red steer, or the inside of a long, black bottle.

Broke—A word expressing the ultimate condition of one who is too much bent on speculating.



- By-stander—One who is injured in a street fight.
- Cafe—A place where the public pays the proprietor for the privilege of tipping the waiters for something to eat.
- Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works, but lives on other people.
- Cavalry—That arm of the military service that engages in the real hostilities.
- Cemetery—The one place where princes and paupers, porters and presidents are finally on the dead level.
- Chauffeur—A man who is smart enough to operate an automobile, but clever enough not to own one.
- Civilization—An upward growth or tendency that has enabled mankind to develop the college yell from what was once only a feeble war-whoop.
- Cook—A charitable institution, providing food and shelter for policemen.
- Credit—Something for nothing.
- Creditor—Something with nothing.
- Dachshund—A low-down dog.
- Debt—A big word beginning with Owe, which grows bigger the more it is contracted.
- A word to the wise is useless.
- “Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man a farmer.”
- Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.
- Exercise—Bodily exertion requiring a \$10,000 gymnasium, a ten-acre lot and impossible raiment. Originally confined to the wash-tub and the wood-pile.
- Fly-Screen—An arrangement for keeping flies in the house.  
Where there's a will there's a law suit.
- History—The evil that men do.
- Hotels—A place where a guest often gives up good dollars for poor quarters.
- Idiot—One who is just out of ideas.
- Jam—A pantry composition in A minor.
- Judge—One who sits on a bench in a court, frames sentences and finishes crooks for a living, and swears continually.
- Jury—Twelve men chosen to decide who has the best lawyer.
- Manners—A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.
- Mosquito—A small insect designed by God to make us think better of flies.



Nature—The author of "The Seasons," an interesting work over which Spring pours, Summer smiles, and Autumn turns the leaves while Winter catches the drift of it all.

Neck—A close connection between chin and chest, used for the display of linen, silk, furs, jewelry and skin, fitted with gullet, windpipe, hunger and thirst, and devoted to the rubber industry.

Nose—A prominent member of the face family, usually a Greek or Roman, who owns the shortest bridge in the world. He is often stuck up in company, but frequently blows himself when he has his grippe along. Principal occupation, sniffing, sniveling, sneezing, snorting and scenting, intruding in the neighbor's affairs, stuffing himself without permission and bleeding for others.

Optimism—A cheerful frame of mind that enables a teakettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose.

Parents—One of the hardships of a minor's life.

Pass—A form of transportation issued free to those who are quite able to pay.

Parrot—An individual who can never be held responsible for what he says.

Pin—The best dresser in a woman's acquaintance—of remarkable penetration and true as steel, seldom loses its head, follows its own bent and carries its point in whatever it undertakes.

Snore—An unfavorable report from headquarters.

Sun—A yellow arrival from Way Down East, who goes west daily, operates a heating and lighting trust, draws water, prints pictures, develops crops, liquidates the ice business and tans skins on the side. Profits by his daily rays and always has a shine.

Tailor—One who takes your measure on first sight, gives you a fit, sews you up and follows suit until paid.

Tennis—A game in which the participants enjoy a racket on the side and raise the deuce over a net, while the volleys drive them from set to set and love scores as often as it's mentioned.

Tips—Wages we pay other people's hired help.

Transfer—A small bit of paper of remarkable strength, being able to carry a heavy man several miles.

Umpire—No jeweler, but a high authority on diamonds.

Usher—One who takes a leading part in a theatre.

Waiter—An inn-experienced servant.

Wedding—A trade in which the bride is generally given away, and the groom is often sold.

Yawns—The air-brakes on a sleeper.

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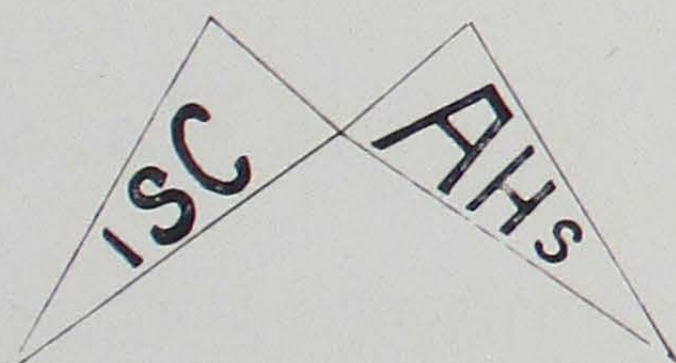
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